

NO.
4

★ **ALL** ★

SPRING
ISSUE

WINNERS

10¢



A. AVISON

CAPTAIN AMERICA HUMAN TORCH SUB MARINER DESTROYER WHIZZER
BATTLE FOR VICTORY FOR AMERICA!

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Spring
Issue

**TIMELY
COMICS**

Stan Lee,
Editor



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YOUR FAVORITE HEROES IN ACTION!

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HUMAN TORCH

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PAT. OFF.
1940
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1942



WITH WAR DECLARED, NEW YORK CITY WAS A CINCH FOR MURDER, CRIME AND SABOTAGE. EVEN MOPPING. HIGH PRIEST OF THE RISING SUN TEMPLE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH IT, BUT THE JAP DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND MEETING ROOM, IN NEW YORK, MOBBING, HIGH PRIEST OF THE RISING SUN TEMPLE LOOKS DOWN FROM HIS ALTAR...

AH! MR. RAWLINS, THE DEFENSE DIRECTOR AND INVENTOR!

...I SEE YOU ALSO BROUGHT YOUR ATOM EXPANSION GUN! I'M HAPPY, YET SAD WHEN I THINK OF YOUR DEATH!

YOU BLASTED FIEND! YOU CAN'T MURDER ME AND EXPECT TO GO SCOTT-FREE! ... THE POLICE...

POLICE, BAH! BY THE TIME I'M THRU, THE POLICE WILL BE POWERLESS AND THE NEW YORK DEFENSE SYSTEM DESTROYED!

...THUS WILL OUR AXIS BROTHERS GET THEIR CHANCE TO STRIKE IN THE ATLANTIC!



AND THANKS TO YOU, MR. RAWLINS, FOR PASSING THE PRACTICE BLACKOUT LAW FOR NEW YORK CITY! TONIGHT IS THE FIRST NIGHT AND UNDER ITS BLANKET, YOUR FINISH!

TAKE HIM OUT!

WHY YOU...



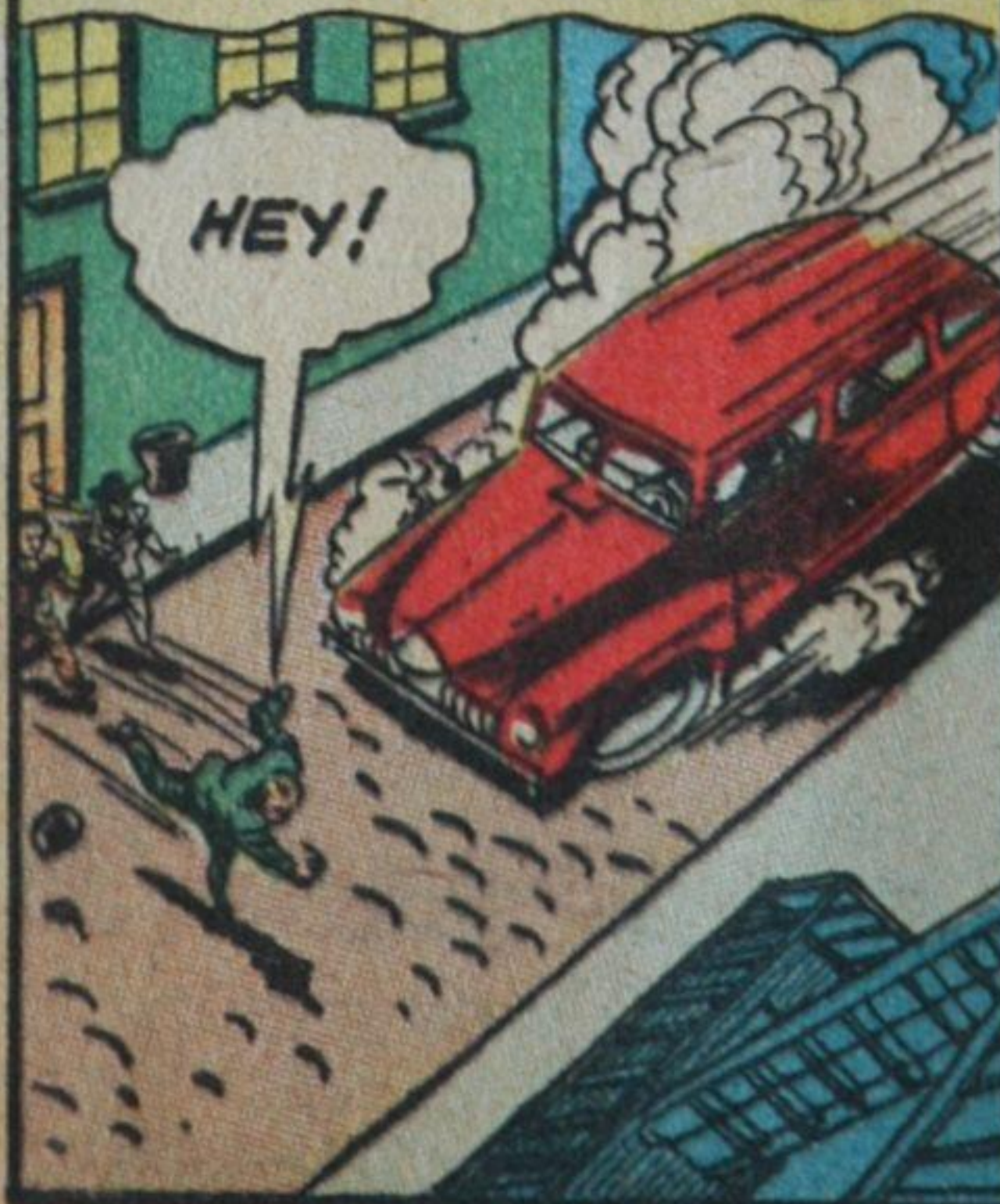
MINUTES LATER, RAWLINS FINDS HIMSELF IN AN ALLEY, WHILE A CAR WARMS UP AT THE OTHER END!

THE CAR'S READY!

SO ARE WE! LET HER GO!

THE MOTOR SETTLES TO A PURR AS THE CAR LEAPS FORWARD... FULL SPEED!

HEY!



LATER, A FLASH OF LIGHT RACES ACROSS THE SKY... IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!

...WONDER WHY THE CHIEF WANTS ME TO MEET HIM AT THE RISING SUN TEMPLE?



WELL, I'M HERE... I SUPPOSE THE CHIEF'S INSIDE!



THE TORCH LANDS AND SUBDUES HIS FLAME!

OH! THERE YOU ARE!

TORCH! COME IN! NASTY ACCIDENT HAPPENED DURING BLACKOUT PRACTICE.. RAWLINS WAS KILLED!



RAWLINS? THE DEFENSE DIRECTOR... BUT HOW?

WELL, MR. MOPPINGO HERE WAS IN HIS CAR AND RAWLINS MUST'VE BEEN PASSING BY AT THE TIME OF THE BLACKOUT... RESULT... AN ACCIDENT!

MOST REGRETABLE ACCIDENT! I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN!

THOSE FAMILIAR WORDS WERE USED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, ONLY THEY TURNED OUT TO BE A CURTAIN FOR TREACHERY!



EASY, TORCH... ACCIDENTS ARE EXPECTED DURING A BLACKOUT!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF!

HM-M-THE TORCH SUSPECTS MURDER! I'LL HAVE TO SPEED UP MY PLANS NOW!

LET'S CALL THE MORGUE, CHIEF, AND SCRAM OUT OF HERE!

RIGHT!

THE NEXT DAY, AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE UNIT NO. 3, IN NEW YORK.

BOB! DID YOU READ THIS MORNING'S PAPER? RAWLINS WAS KILLED!

WHAT! IT CAN'T BE! HE WAS TOO IMPORTANT!



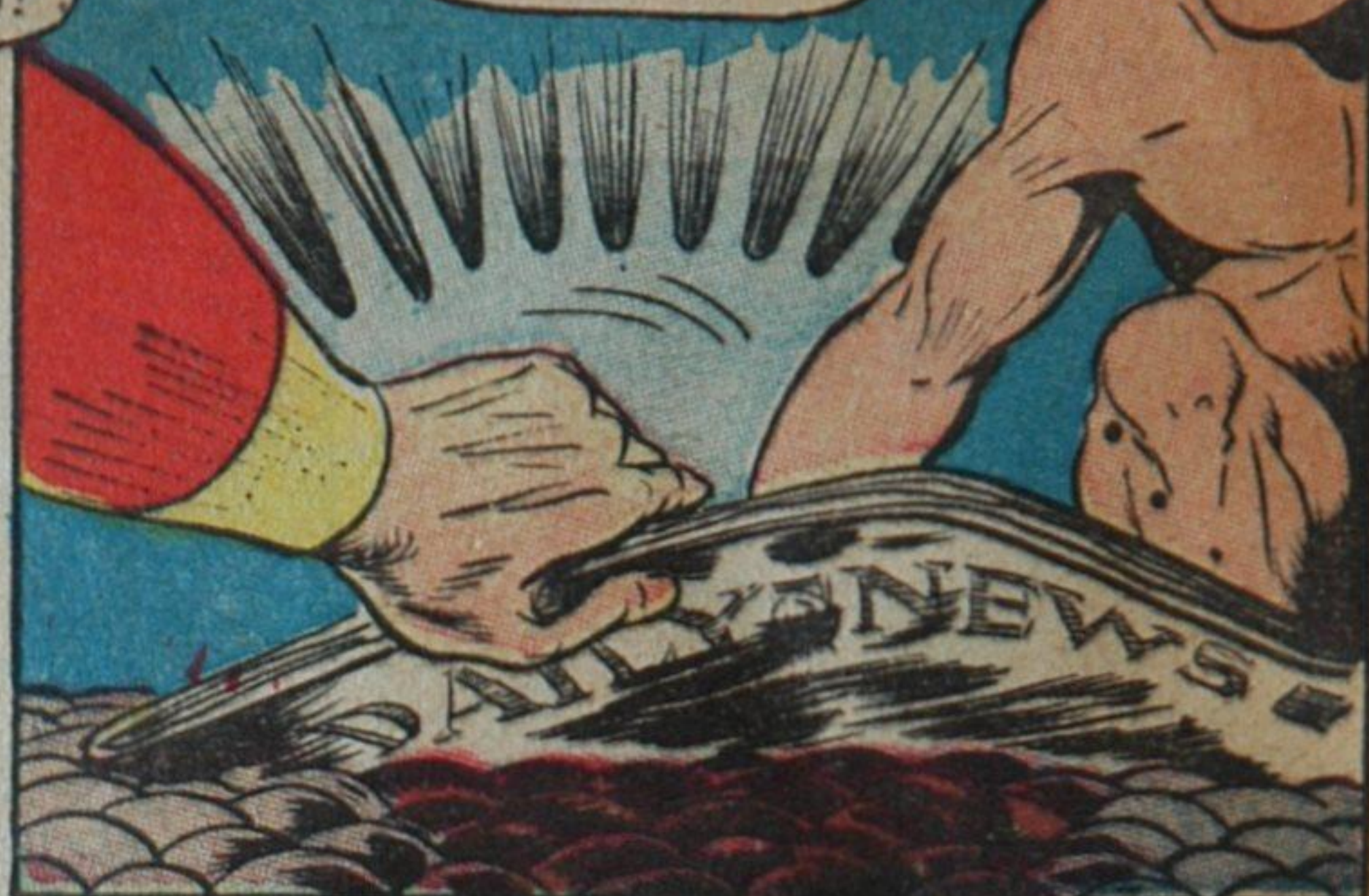
And AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE TEMPLE OF THE RISING SUN...

IT'S ALL TOO COZY, TORO! ...RAWLINS PASSING THE ALLEY JUST AS MOPPINGO WAS PULLING OUT! AND USING THE BLACKOUT AS AN ALIBI!

TORCH... WHAT'S THAT UNDER THE NEWSPAPERS?



BLOODSTAINS! TORO, THAT MEANS RAWLINS WAS IN THE ALLEY! THAT ACCIDENT WAS MURDER!

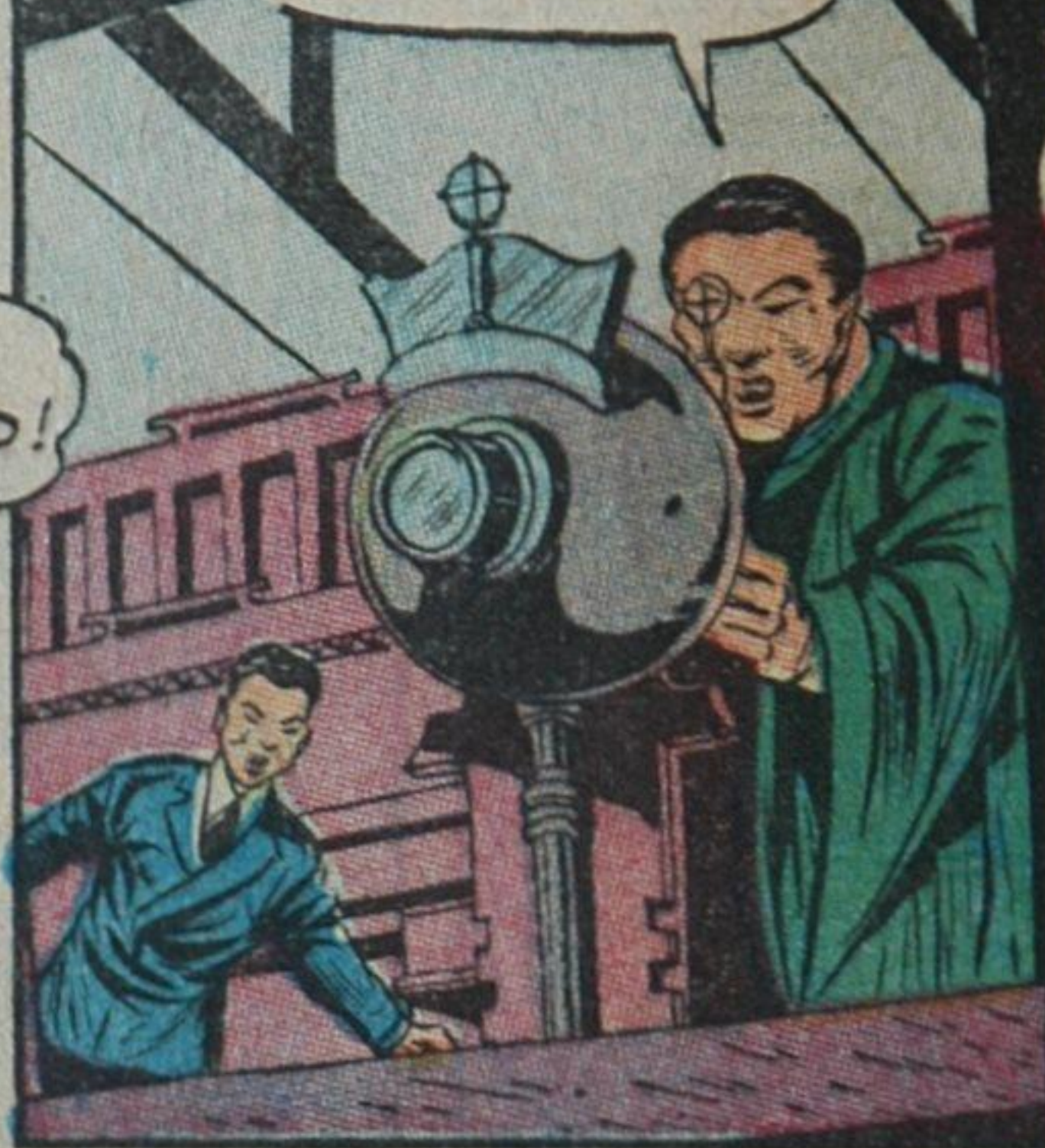


KORSU! QUICK! THE ATOM GUN! THEY'VE DISCOVERED SOME BLOODSTAINS!



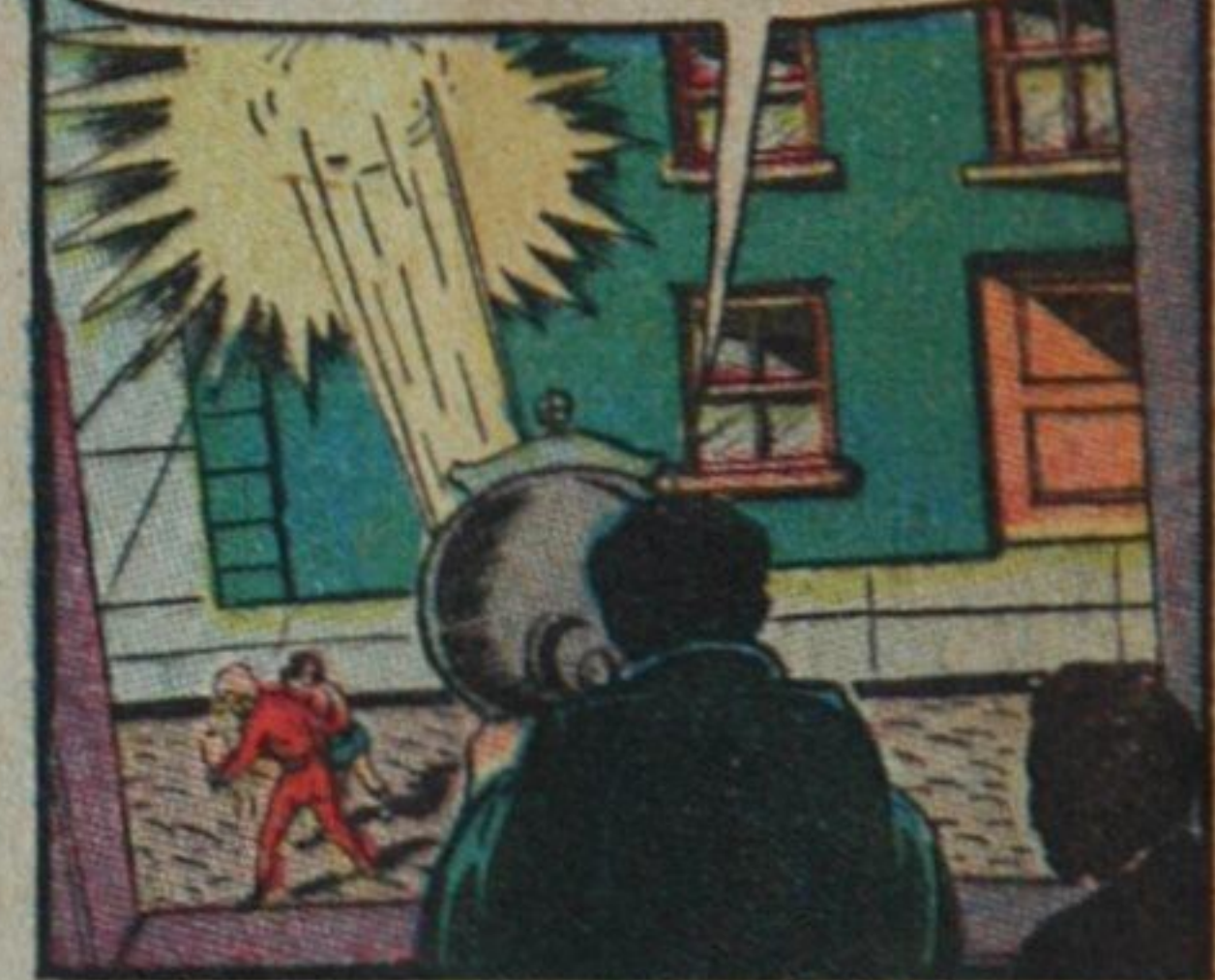
HERE IT IS, MOPPINGO!

...BUT, THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE ANYTHING!

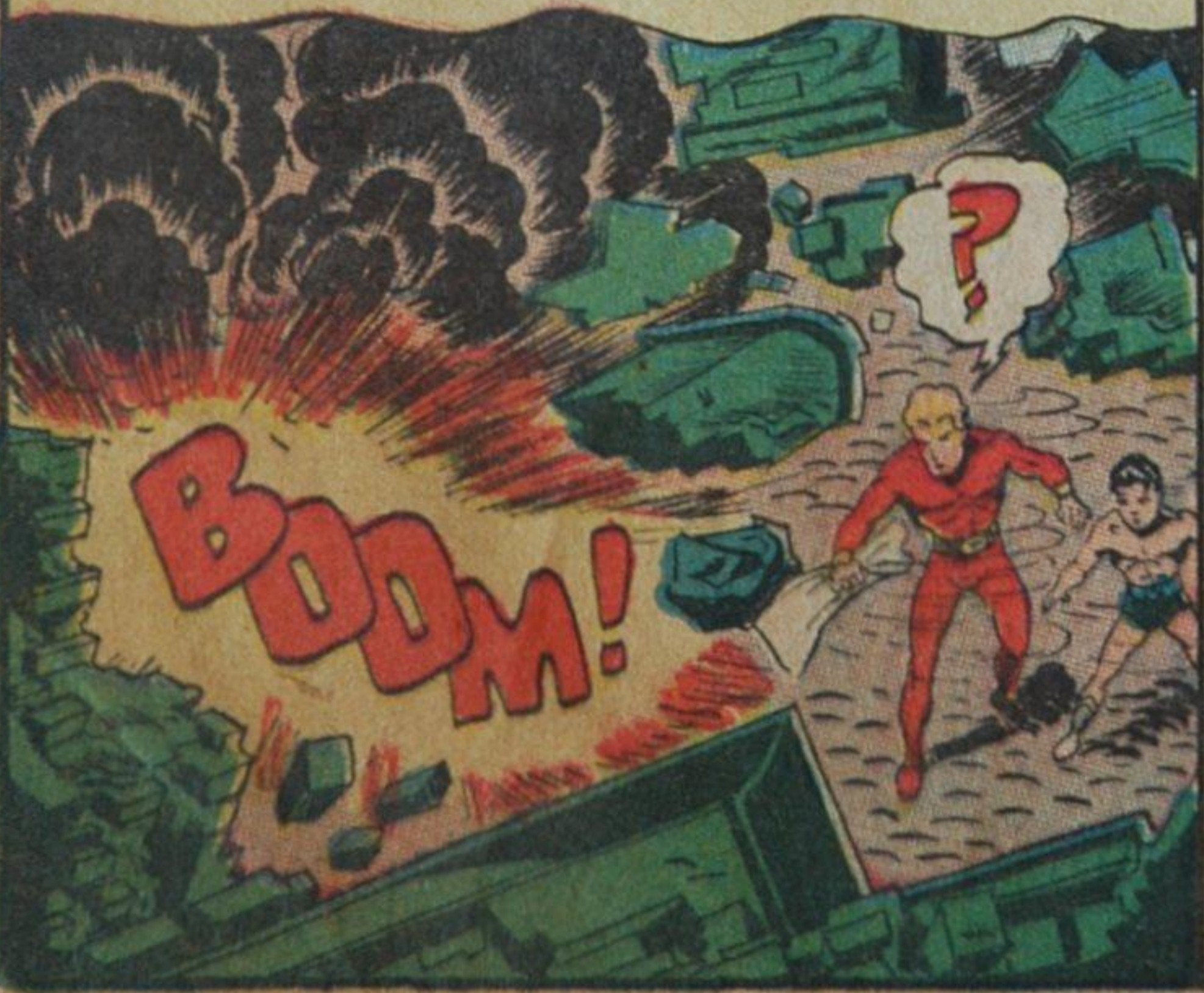


The RAY DANCES ON A BUILDING ACROSS THE ALLEY AS THE FLAME MASTERS TAKE LEAVE...

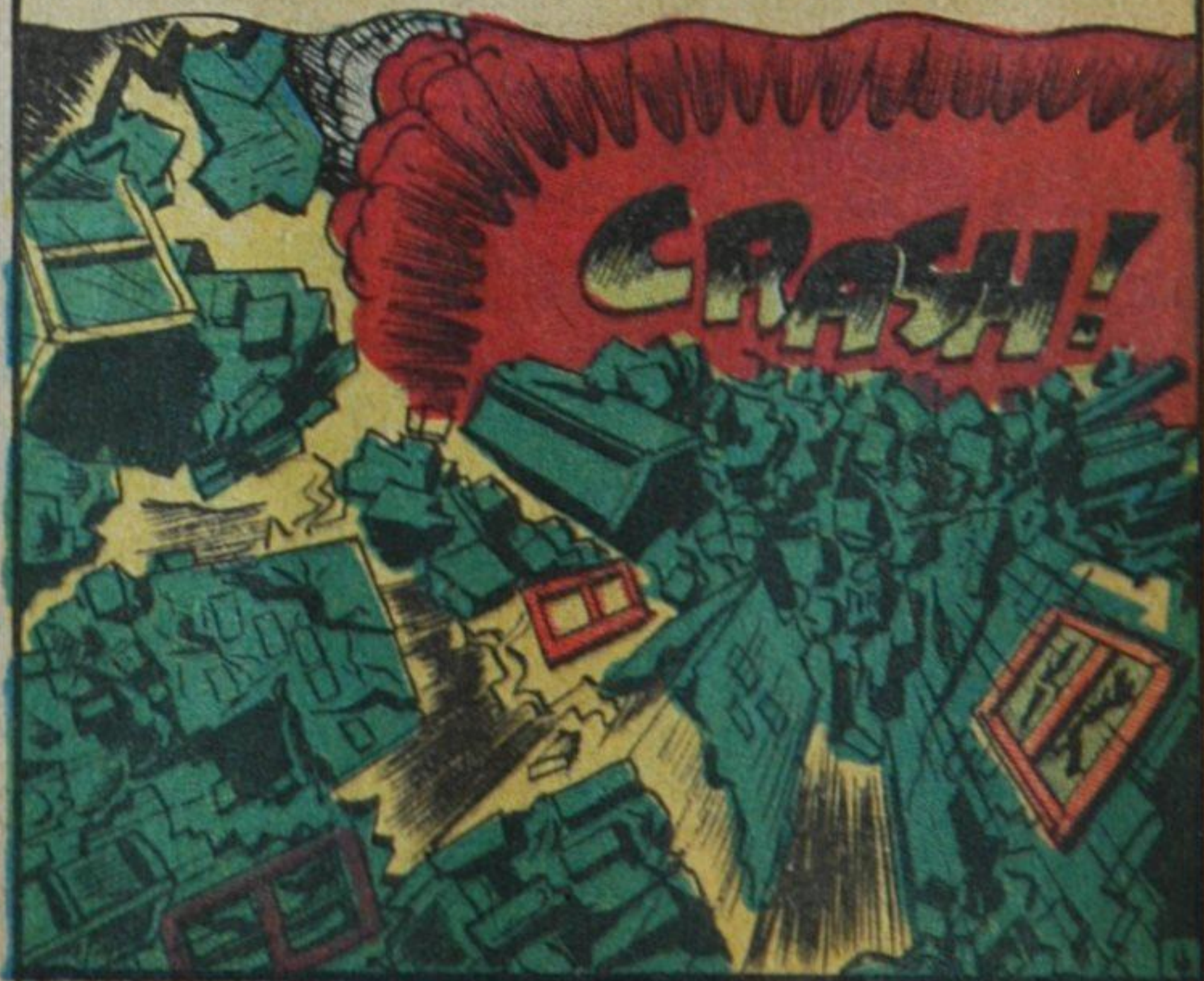
FOR THIS GUN WILL WIPE OUT THE EVIDENCE AND MAYBE THE TORCH AND TORO!



...and WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS, THE ATOM GUN EXPLODES THE BUILDING!



BEFORE THE FLAME MASTERS CAN MOVE, THE BUILDING TOPPLES UPON THEM!



MINUTES LATER, ON TOP OF THE DEBRIS, SMALL BUBBLES APPEAR AS THE BRICKS BEGIN TO MELT...



SUDDENLY!

LUCKY WE PUT ON OUR FLAMES, EH, TORCH?



YES! BUT, I WONDER WHAT HIT THAT BUILDING!

THAT EXPLOSION MUST'VE BEEN PLANNED! THOSE BLOODSTAINS WON'T BE FOUND IN THAT DEBRIS! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN PIN ON MOPPINO, NOW!

WHAT NOW, TORCH?



WE'RE GOING TO SEE MOPPINO!

AND SOME-THING TELLS ME HE WON'T BE ANXIOUS TO SEE US!



While IN THE SECRET, UNDERGROUND PART OF THE TEMPLE, MOPPINO WATCHES THRU A PERISCOPE TELEVISION MACHINE, THE MOVEMENTS OF THE PAIR!

THE FLAME MASTERS HAVE MELTED THRU THE WALLS AND ARE NEAR THE SHAFT!

GET THE WIND MACHINE READY!

RIGHT, MOPPINO!



And UPSTAIRS, THE DUO ARE ATTRACTED TO THE OPEN SHAFT IN THE CENTER OF THE TEMPLE.

LISTEN... VOICES COMING FROM DOWN THERE!

RIGHT, TORO! AND WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

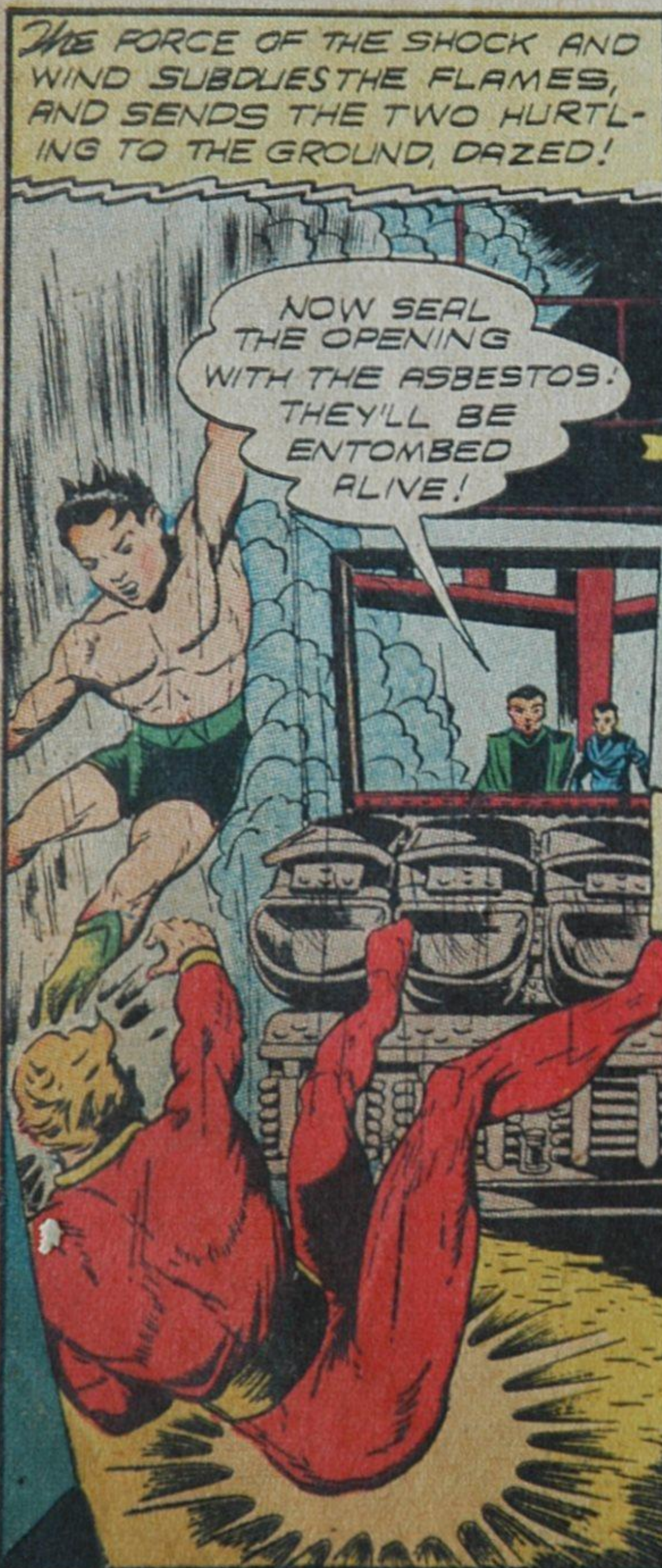


BUT MID-WAY DOWN, A SUDDEN, VIOLENT WIND, LIKE A TORNADO, SENDS THEIR LIGHTER-THAN-AIR BODIES SHOOTING BACK UP!

WE'RE GOING UP INSTEAD OF DOWN!

WHAT IN!... THAT WIND'S STRONG! ...MAYBE TOO STRONG EVEN FOR US!





MOPPINO'S TRUCK COMES TO A STOP AT THE BATTERY AND IS INSTANTLY CHALLENGED BY A SENTRY!

WHO GOES... GUB-R-R!

THERE, LIBERTY LOVER!

TAKE THE COVER OFF THE TRUCK! ... THAT'S IT!

I'LL TAKE OVER! AH... THE ATOM GUN!

THE HUGE LIGHT GOES ON GET THE FIRING-PIN SET! READY... AIM...



AS MOPPINO YELLS "FIRE", THE WORLD-FAMOUS STATUE OF LIBERTY IS SHATTERED TO BITS BY A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION!

THAT FINISHES THE STUPID AMERICAN SYMBOL OF FREEDOM! NOW FOCUS THE BEAM ON GOV'S ISLAND!

THE BEAM OF DEADLY LIGHT FLASHES OVER THE WATER, AND RESTS ON GOV'S ISLAND.



SECONDS LATER, THE ISLAND IS BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE TORCH AND TORO REGAIN THEIR SENSES IN THE SEALED TOMB.

WOW! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION BOMBS EXPLODED IN MY HEAD!

SO DO I, BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS MESS?



THE WALLS ARE
MADE OF ASBESTOS!
... BUT WAIT... THE
FLOOR IS GRAVEL!
TURN ON YOUR
FLAME AND FOLLOW
ME!

I'LL
BE
RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU!

**THE FLAME MASTERS MELT
THRU THE FLOOR, THE POLICE
AND ARMY MEN ENTER!**

WHAT?
TORCH!
TORO!

HY!
CHIEF!

HULLO!

WHERE'S
MOPPINO?

I DON'T
KNOW-
BUT...

CHIEF... THE CITY'S
BEING ATTACKED!
THE STATUE OF
LIBERTY AND
GOV'S ISLAND
HAVE BEEN
WIPED OUT
WITH A RAY
GUN!

THEN MOPPINO HAS
RAWLIN'S-ATOM EXPANSION
GUN! THERE'S NO TELLING
HOW FAR THAT SNEAKY
JAP WILL GO! WE MUST
STOP HIM BEFORE
HE BLASTS THE
COAST DEFENSES!

RAY GUN, EH?
SO THAT'S HOW THE
BUILDING EXPLODED!
TURN ON YOUR FLAME
TORO! WE'RE GOING
TO GET MOPPINO!

AND
BURN HIM
TO A
CRISP!

**THE FLAME MASTERS MELT THRU THE
ROOF AND SOAR INTO SPACE!**

WHERE WE
GOING
FIRST?

TO THE
WATER-
FRONT!

**THEY PASS THE EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING, TORO NOTICES A RAY
OF LIGHT COMING FROM THE STREET.**

IT CAN'T BE MOPPINO,
HE'S TOO FAR AWAY!
THERE MUST BE MORE
THAN ONE RAY GUN.
DIVE FOR THE
LIGHT! I'LL PROTECT
THE BUILDING!

TORCH!
A RAY OF
LIGHT!

TORO DIVES FOR THE LIGHT BELOW. THE TORCH, WITH COMET-LIKE SPEED, FLASHES UP AND DOWN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, LEAVING A WAKE OF FLAMES BEHIND HANGING LIKE A CURTAIN IN FRONT OF THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE!

THAT WAS ONE TIME I WAS FASTER THAN LIGHT! THE BUILDING'S SAFE!

DON'T YOU BOYS KNOW LIGHT IS TABOO DURING BLACKOUT?

THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK, INFLAMED WITH FEAR, SENDS THE TRUCK INTO ACTION!

TRYING TO ESCAPE? TSK... TSK... YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER!

TORO LETS LOOSE A WHIRLING CIRCLE OF FLAME.

THE CIRCLE GROWS LARGER AND ALIGHTS ON THE TRUCK, WHIRLING LIKE A BUZZ-SAW... THE VEHICLE IS MELTED IN HALF!

THE TRUCK CAREENS MADLY, AND TURNS OVER AS THE DRIVER LEAPS!

NOT SO FAST SNEAKY

NICE TACKLE, TORO!

UGH!

LEAVING A STRAND OF FIRE FROM HIS HAND, TORO TIES HIS MAN WITH SHACKLES OF FLAME.

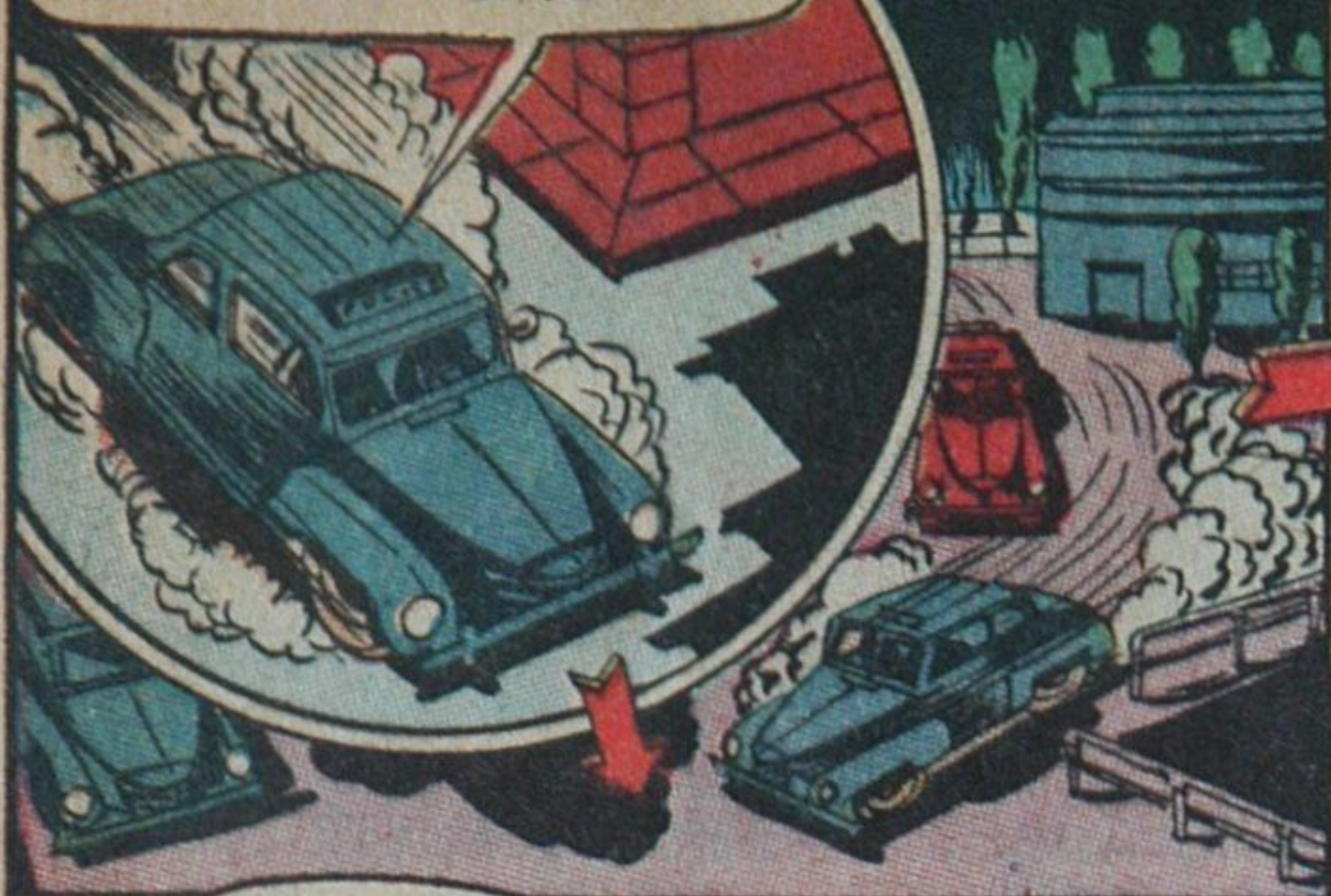
THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW!

STEP ON IT, KID! WE'VE STILL GOT TO GET MOPPINGO!



AT THAT MOMENT, POLICE SQUAD CARS RACE TOWARD BATTERY PARK, WHERE MOPPINGO WAS LAST REPORTED!

DESTROY OUR STATUE OF LIBERTY... WE'LL FIX THAT LOW-DOWN SKUNK!



GRABBING A MACHINE GUN, MOPPINGO DIVES BEHIND HIS TRUCK AND BLASTS THE POLICE!



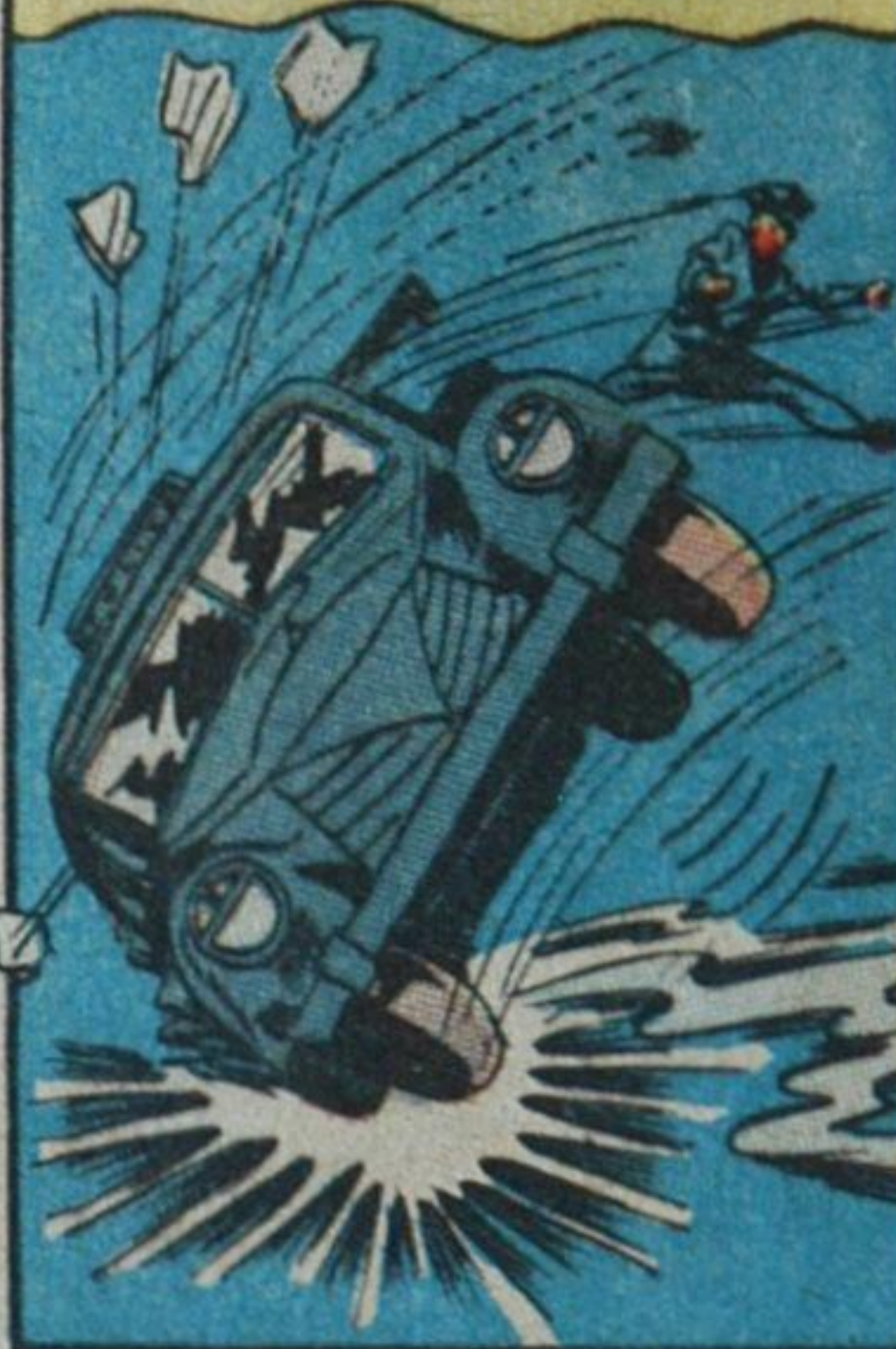
HOW'S THAT, LIBERTY LOVERS? SOON YOU'LL BE JAPANESE SLAVES!

THE POLICE! HURRY! GET THAT RAY-GUN IN THE SUB!

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!



TIRES POP AND CARS CRUNCH AS THEY ROLL OVER!



THE OFFICERS TRY TO RUSH THE JAP SPY...



HAH! THIS IS FUN! DIE, YOU BLASTED POLICE!

AS THE FLAME-MASTERS APPROACH THE SCENE, THEIR FLAMING BODIES WARN MOPPINGO!

THE FIRE-MEN! GOT TO MOVE FAST! WATCH OUT BELOW!



THE SLIMY JAP DIVES ONTO THE TINY SUB'S HULL!

START THE MOTOR! THE FLAME MASTERS ARE COMING!

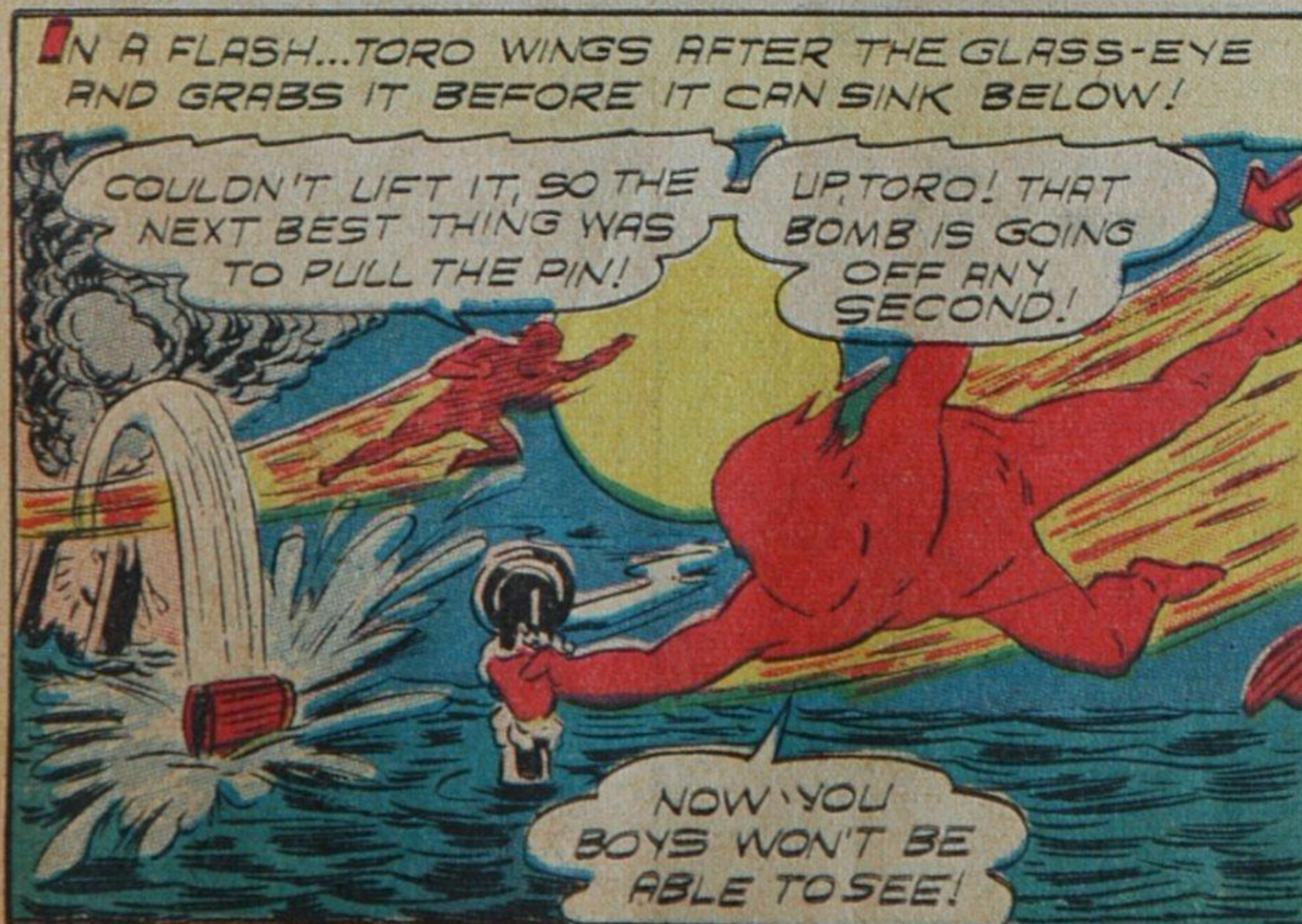
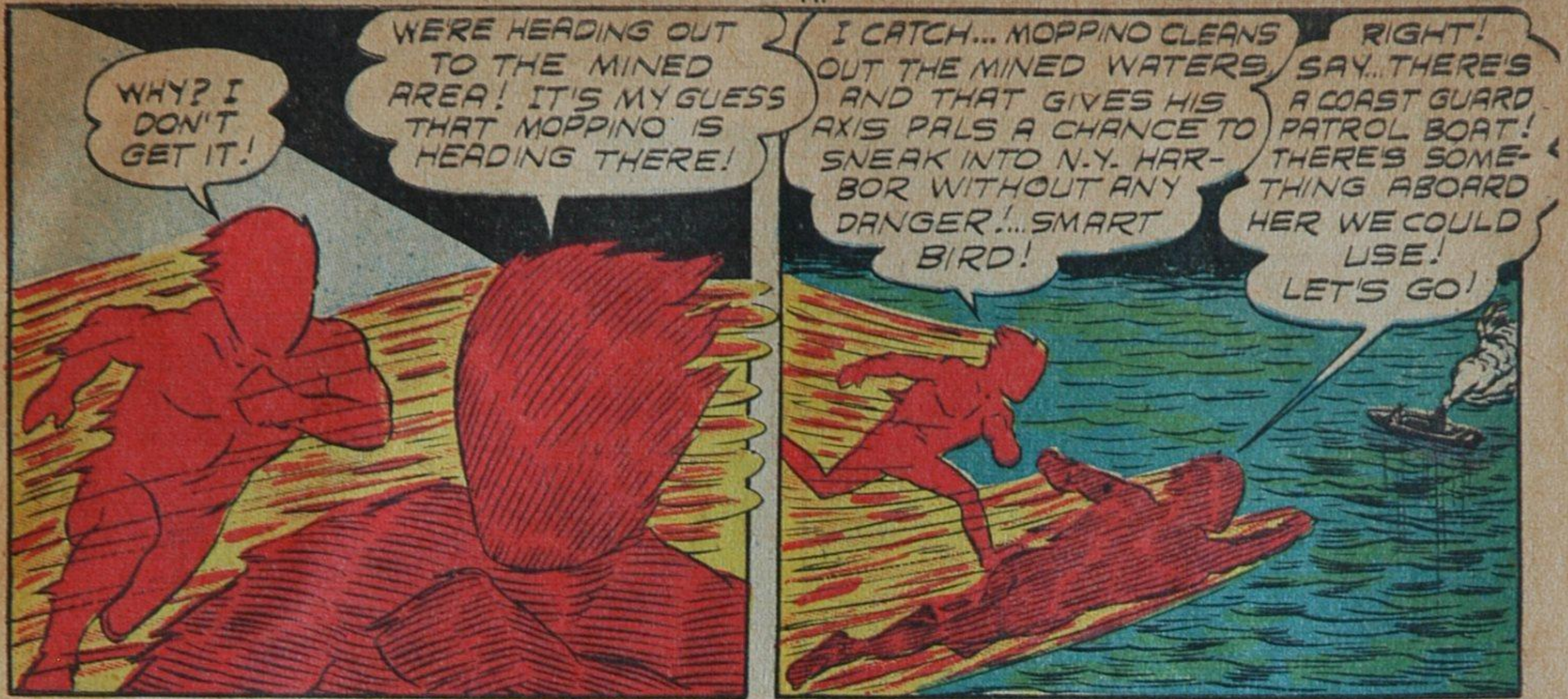


THE TINY SUB SINKS!

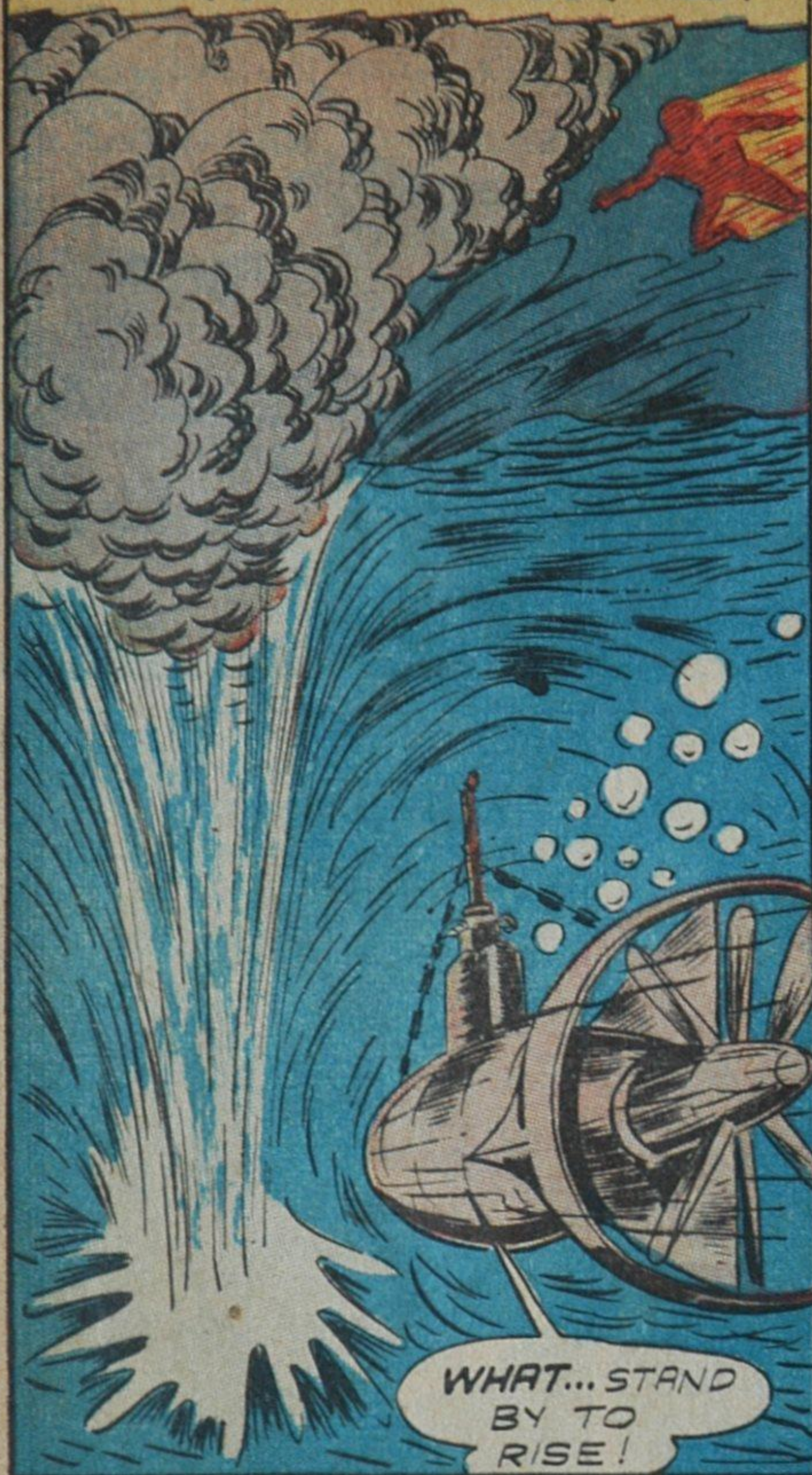
TOO LATE!

DON'T THINK SO! FOLLOW ME!

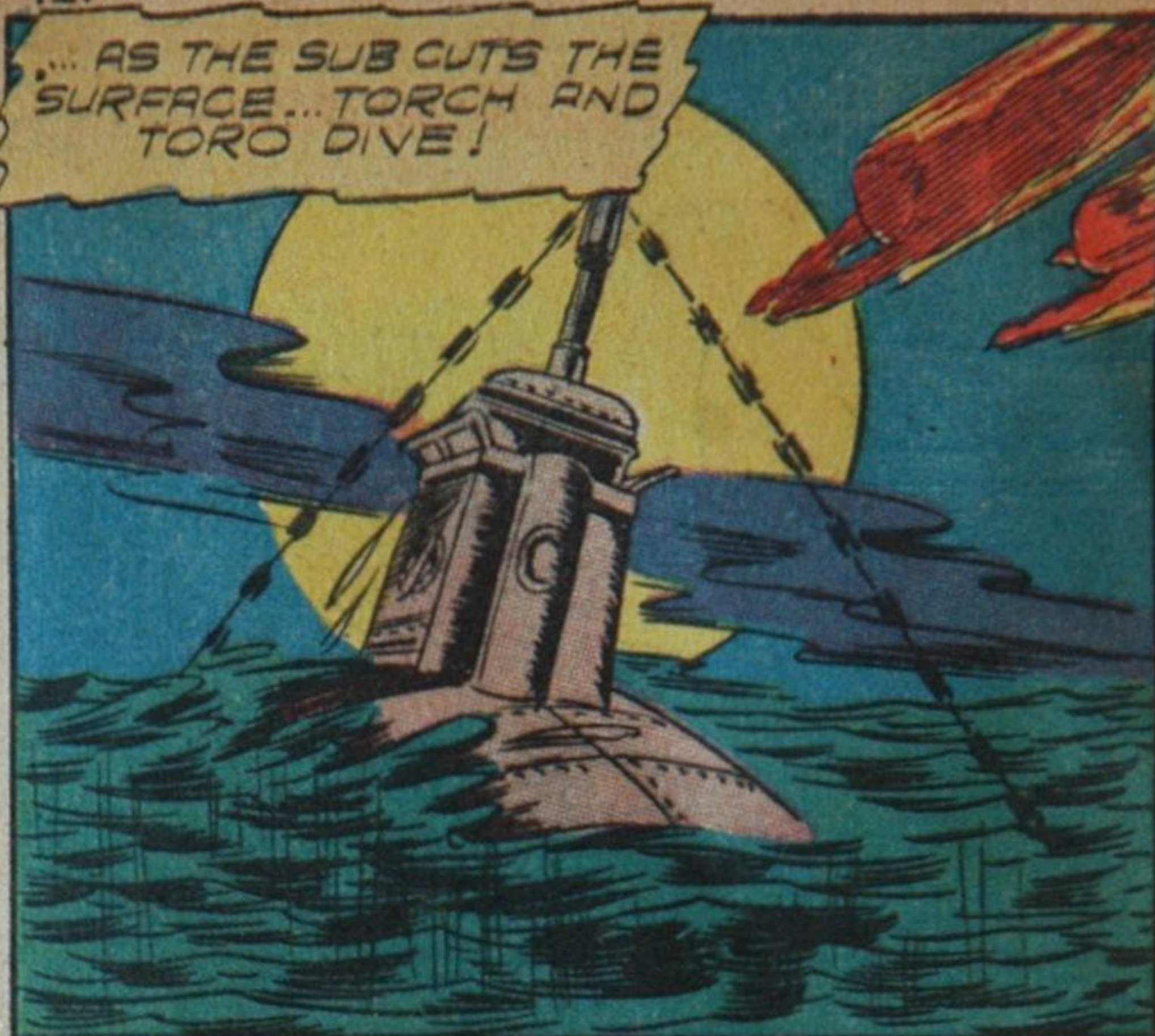




THE FORCE OF THE BOMB MAKES THE TINY SUB QUIVER AS IT ROLLS OVER AND OVER BENEATH THE SURFACE!

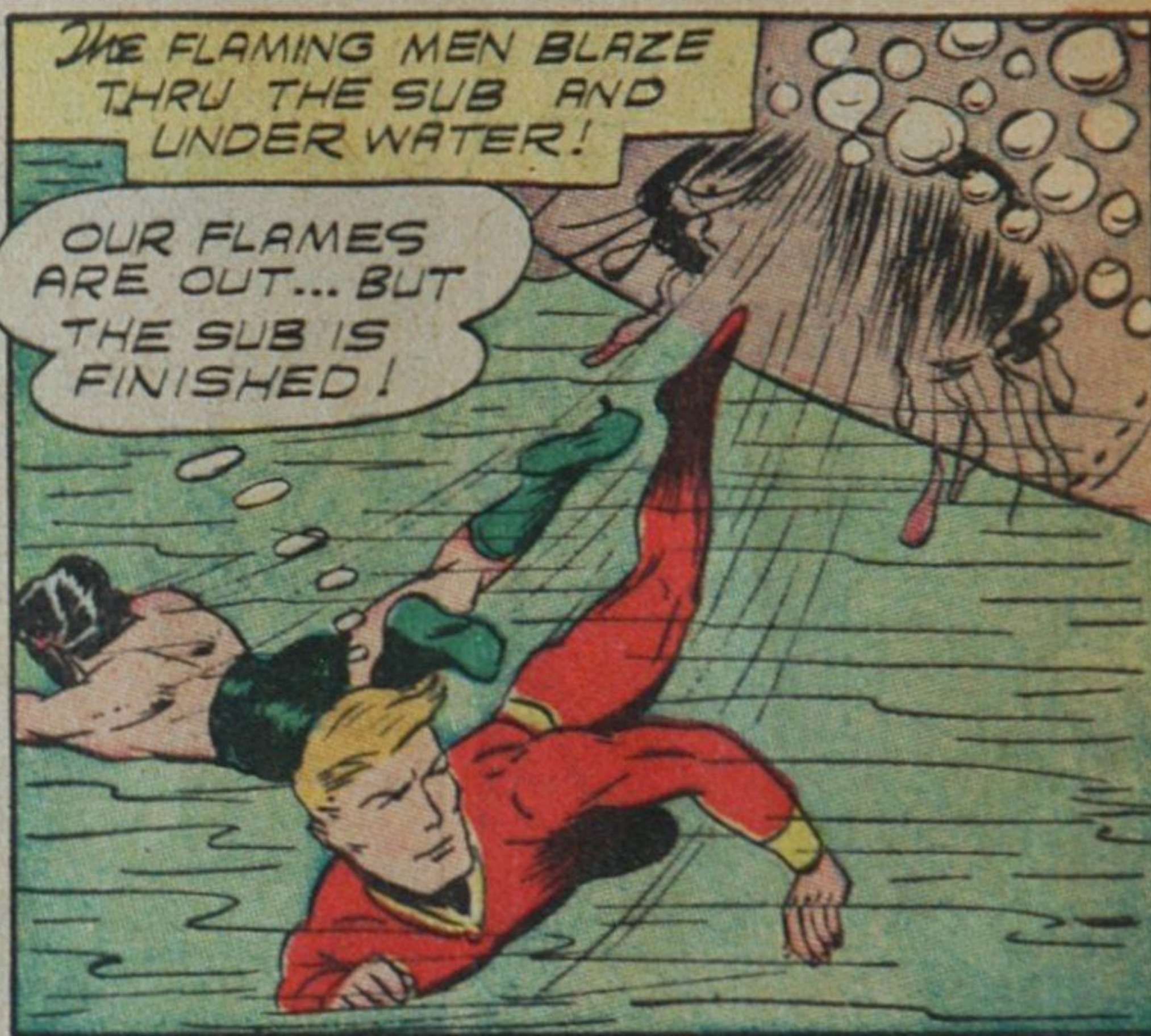


... AS THE SUB CUTS THE SURFACE... TORCH AND TORO DIVE!



THE FLAMING MEN BLAZE THRU THE SUB AND UNDER WATER!

OUR FLAMES ARE OUT... BUT THE SUB IS FINISHED!



THE HOLLOW TUBE OF METAL QUICKLY FILLS UP WITH WATER AND SINKS WITH HER DASTARDLY CREW ON BOARD!



WELL, TORO, THAT SPELLS THE END OF MOPPINO'S CAREER!

GOOD RIDDENCE! BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'M FREEZING!



Follow the
**HUMAN
TORCH**
in

MARVEL COMICS
and the
HUMAN TORCH MAGAZINE
ALSO WATCH FOR
ANOTHER TORCH
ADVENTURE IN
ALL WINNERS!

DON'T DELAY

Another Second!!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS,
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1040.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

AMERICA ALWAYS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE
SORCERER'S
SINISTER
SECRET!

MYSTIC
THE
MAGICIAN

AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST FIGHTER
OF EVIL AND HIS YOUNG PAL,
BUCKY, BATTLE ONE OF THEIR
MOST DEADLY FOES AS CAPTAIN
AMERICA DEFIES THE
SORCERER!

IN THE MESS HALL OF AN ARMY CAMP IN THE FAR PACIFIC....

BOY, STEVE, I'M SURE LOOKING FORWARD TO THE MAGICIAN'S SHOW TO-NIGHT!

HOPE DUFFY LETS ME GO! HE WAS SORE AT ME YESTERDAY!

SERGEANT DUFFY BRINGS GOOD NEWS...

ROGERS, I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU GO TO THE SHOW THIS TIME...

T-THANKS SARGE!

THAT NIGHT IN A SMALL THEATRE NEAR CAMP....

MYSTO THE MAGICIAN! HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THESE ACTS IN YEARS!

THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS...

A WEIRD FIGURE TAKES TO THE STAGE!

GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN! NOW FOR MY FIRST FEAT OF MAGIC...

BEHOLD THIS WAND...

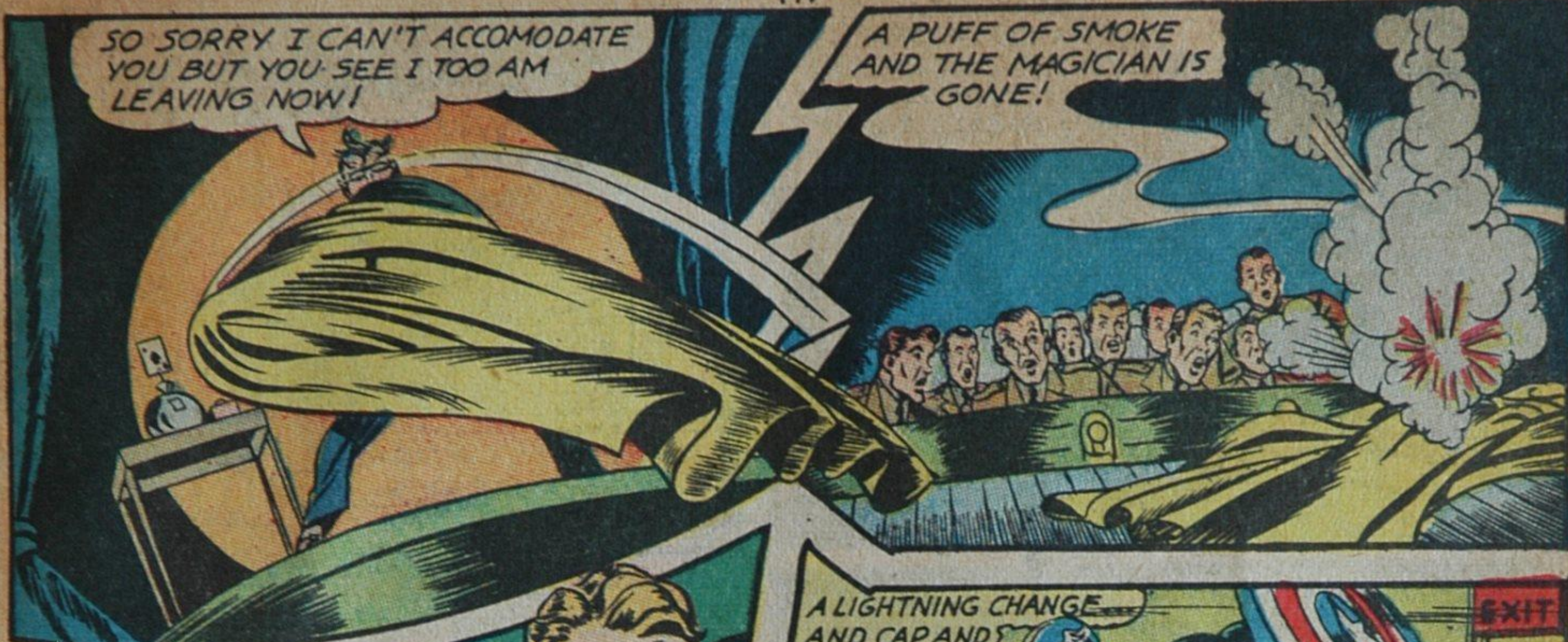
NOW A HAT! AND PRESTO, A RABBIT!

AND NOW, REZUMBA, HAT AND RABBIT GO UP IN SMOKE!



SO SORRY I CAN'T ACCOMODATE YOU BUT YOU SEE I TOO AM LEAVING NOW!

A PUFF OF SMOKE AND THE MAGICIAN IS GONE!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS I DON'T LIKE, BUCKY. GOT TO MAKE SURE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO THE COLONEL!



A LIGHTNING CHANGE AND CAP AND BUCKY LEAP INTO ACTION!



NO SIGN OF HIM, CAP!

WAIT, HERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN IN CHALK ON HIS CLOAK!



"A MOMENTO FROM MYSELF AND YOUR COLONEL WHOM YOU WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN! SIGNED, THE SORCERER."

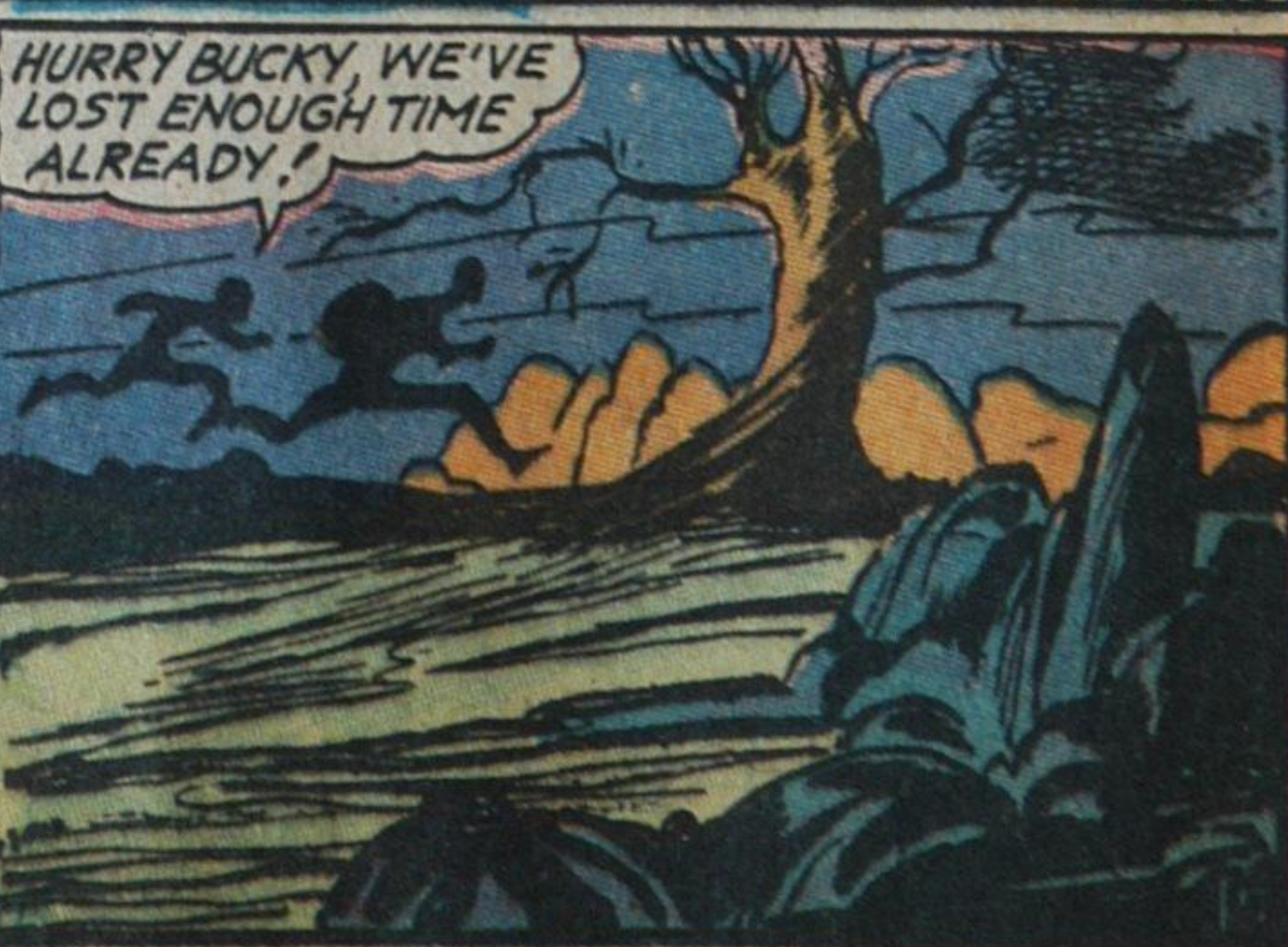


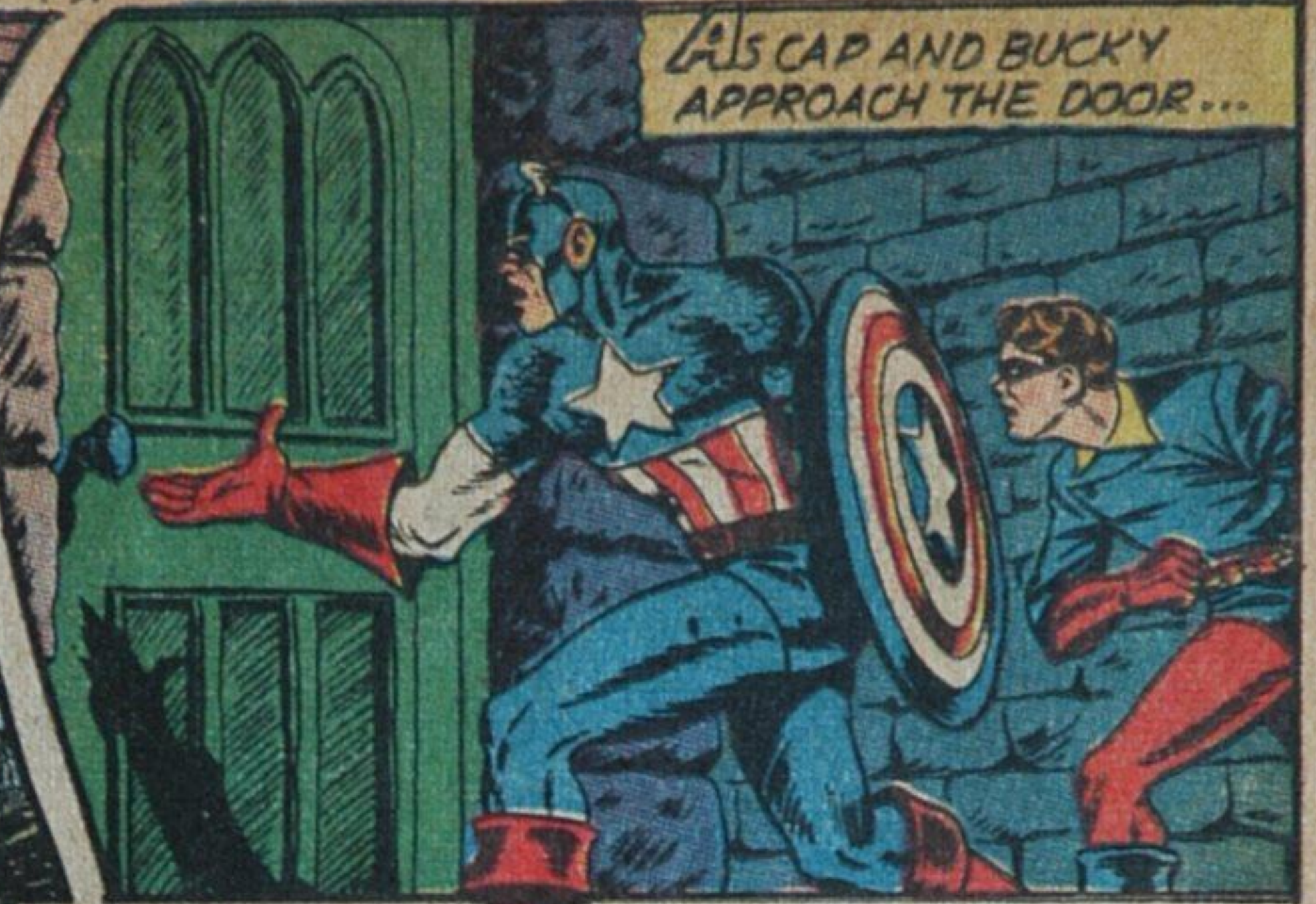
C'MON, BUCKY, THAT WAS NO ORDINARY MAGICIAN! THERE'S SOMETHING DIRTY GOING ON...

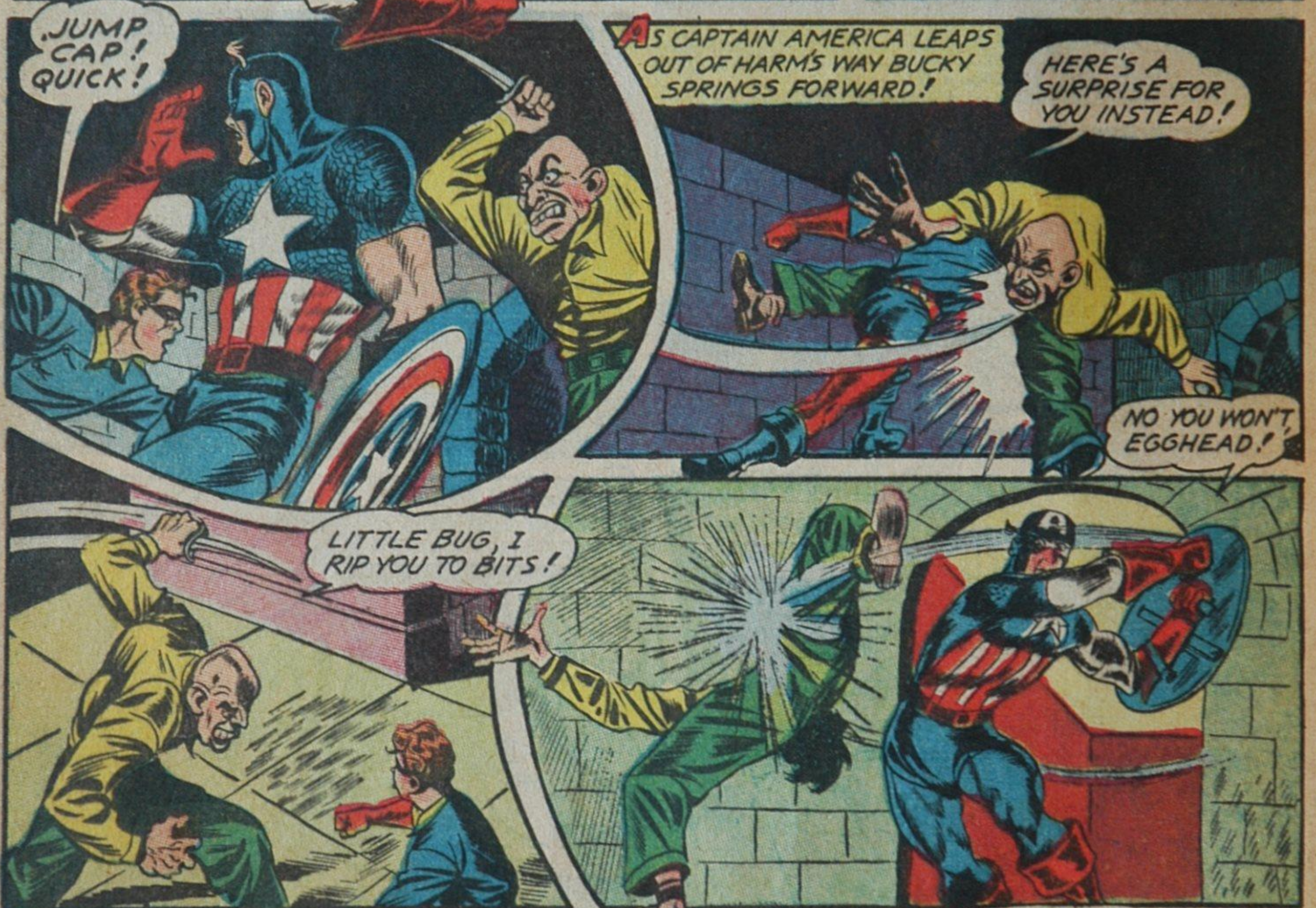


THIS WAY! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM!









THE SORCERER RUSHES UPSTAIRS...

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! WHAT A PRIZE! I'LL BE PAID WELL TO GET RID OF THEM!

THAT APE'LL BE OUT OF ACTION FOR AWHILE!

THIS HOUSE HAS MORE ROOMS THAN THE ASTOR! BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO SKIP ANY!

I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO THE COLONEL!

LOOK OUT, BUCKY!

SUDDENLY THE RUG BENEATH THEIR FEET BEGINS TO SLIDE TOWARD....

WHEW! MADE IT! OH OH, HERE'S MORE TROUBLE!

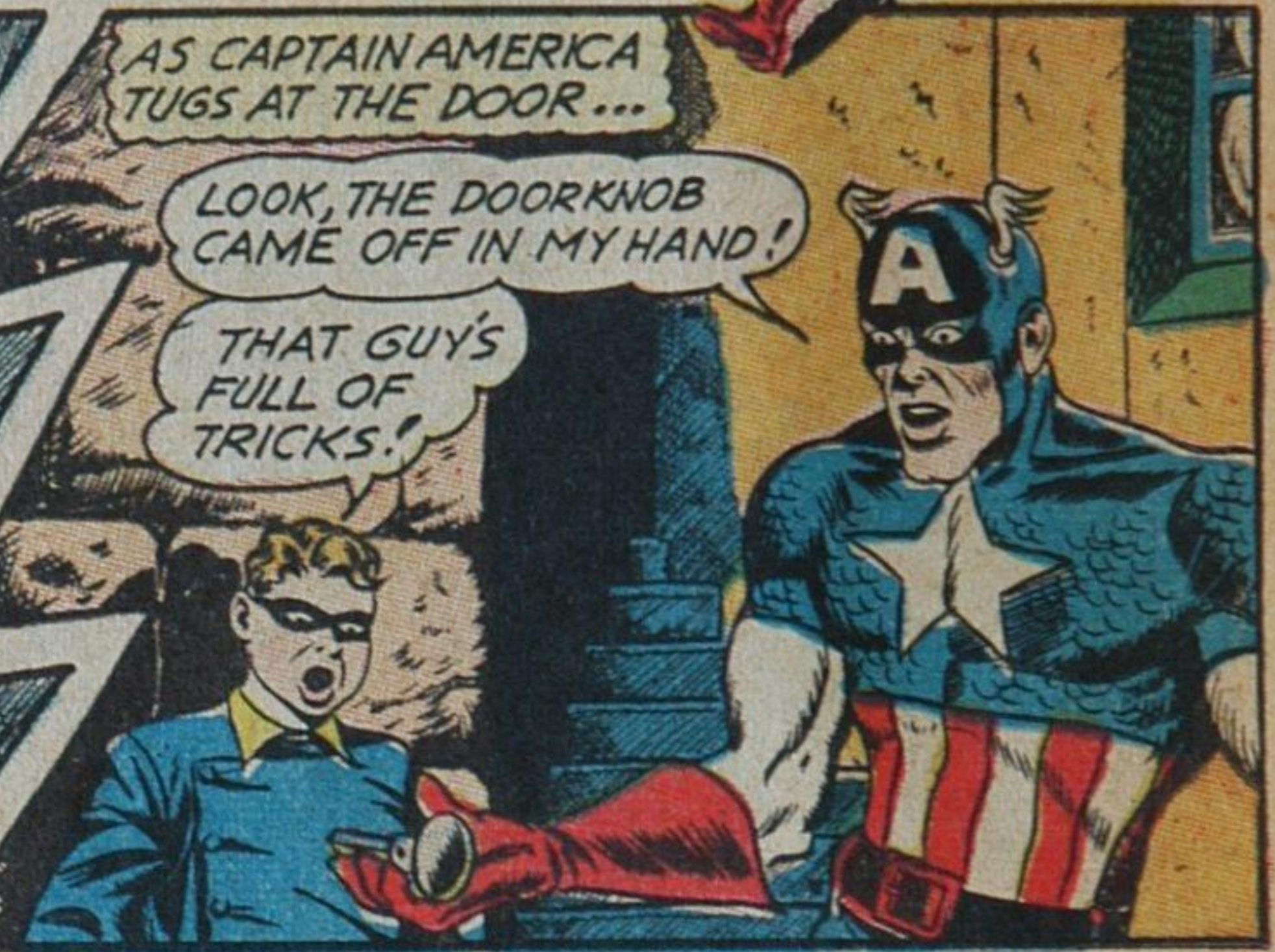
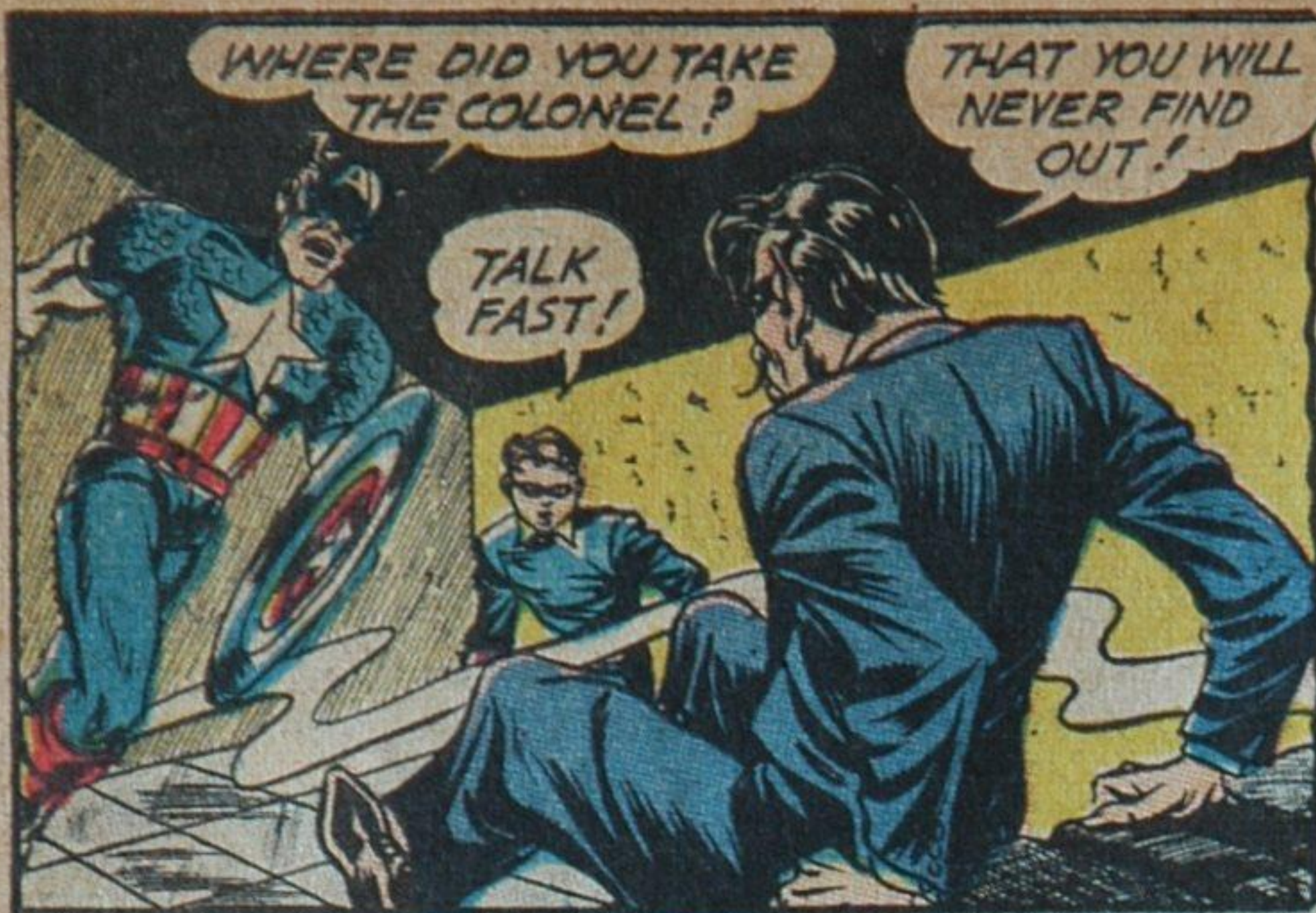
...A YAWNING, GAPING HOLE, AND OUR HEROES MAKE A LIGHTNING-LIKE LEAP!

YOU HAVE ESCAPED ONE OF MY TRAPS, CAPTAIN AMERICA, BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!

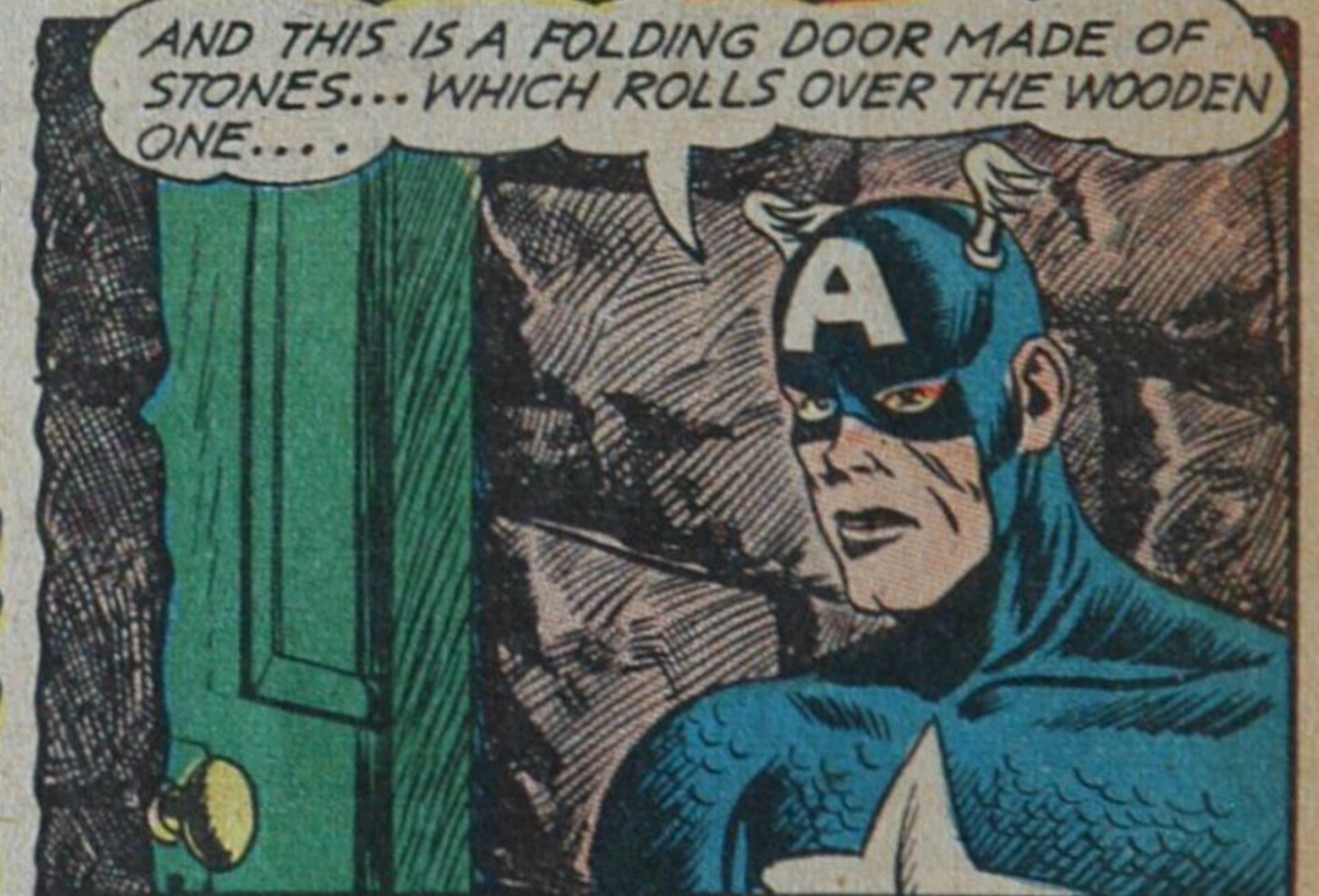
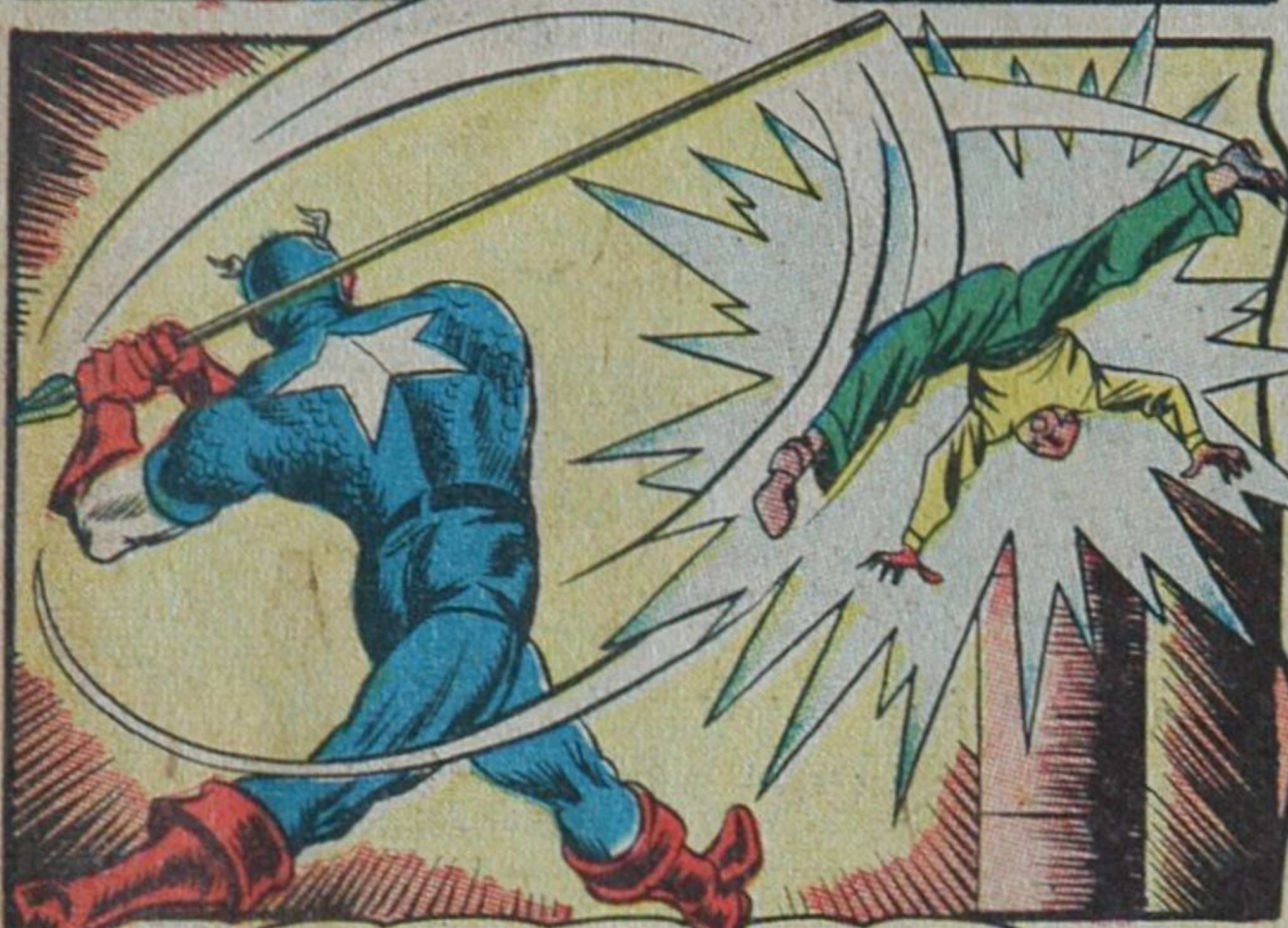
HA, HA, HA, MISSED ME, FOOL!

BUT THE SORCERER DID NOT RECKON WITH BUCKY!

TRY TO TWIST OUT OF THIS ONE!







IN A LITTLE WHILE ENEMY PLANES APPEAR OVERHEAD. BUT THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES ROAR PROUD DEFIANCE!

... AND AS JAP PARACHUTISTS SOAR DOWNWARD ...



WELCOME, JAPPIE!

AMERICA'S ACE FIGHTERS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE INVADERS!

THESE JAPS SURE ARE LIGHTWEIGHTS!



LOOK AT THAT PLANE TOPPLE! WE'VE GOT HER!

OUR BOYS TOOK CARE OF THEM FAST. THERE GO THE LAST OF THE PLANES!

AFTER BRIEF MOMENTS, SILENCE REIGNS!



MILITARY POLICE PICK UP THE SORCERER AND HIS STOOGES!

YOU'LL LEARN NOW THAT WORKING FOR JAPAN DOESN'T PAY!



BACK IN SOLDIER'S UNIFORMS...

WELL, WHERE WERE YOU THIS TIME? AND JUST WHEN WE NEEDED ALL OUR MEN, BLA BLA BLA...

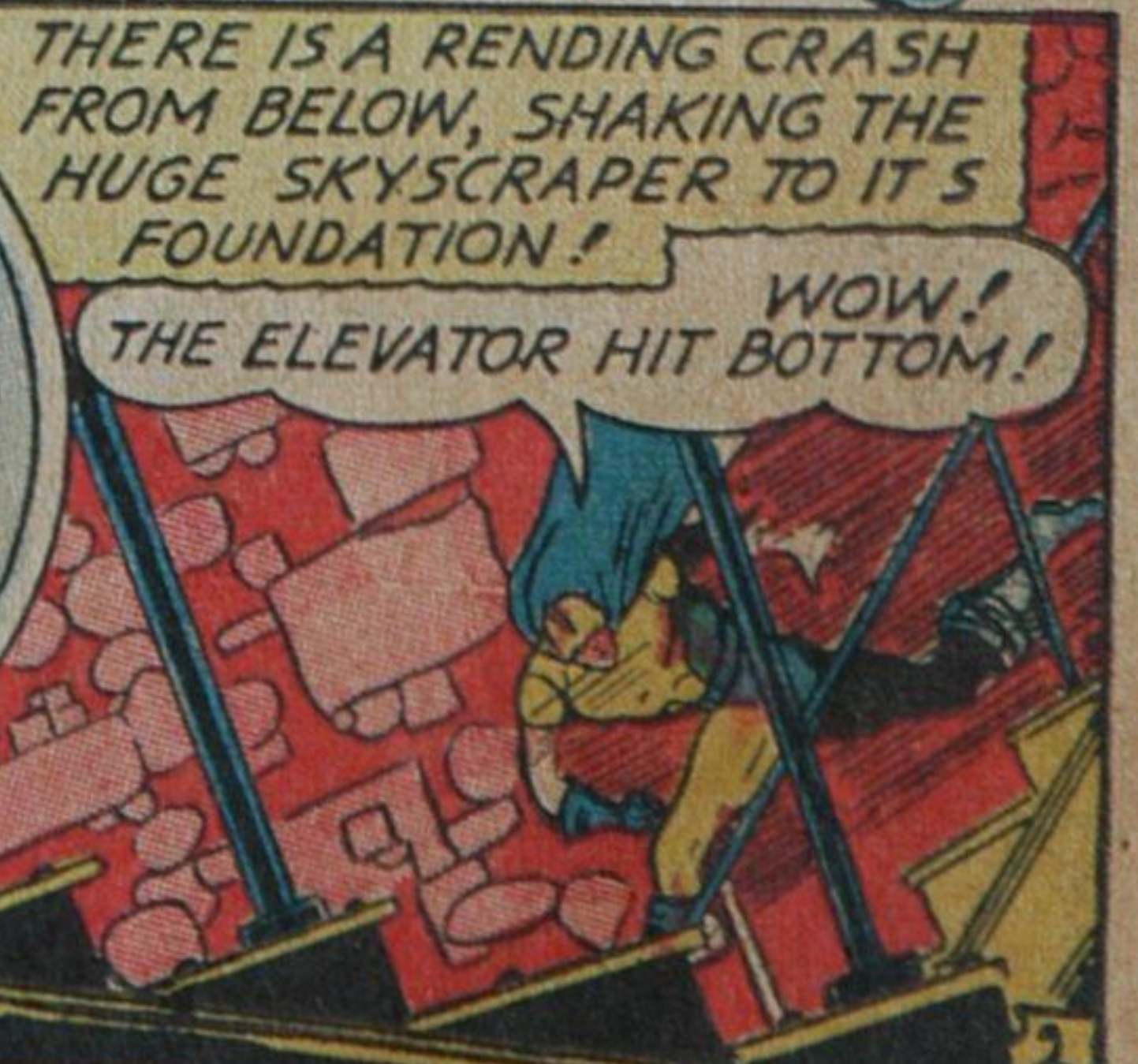
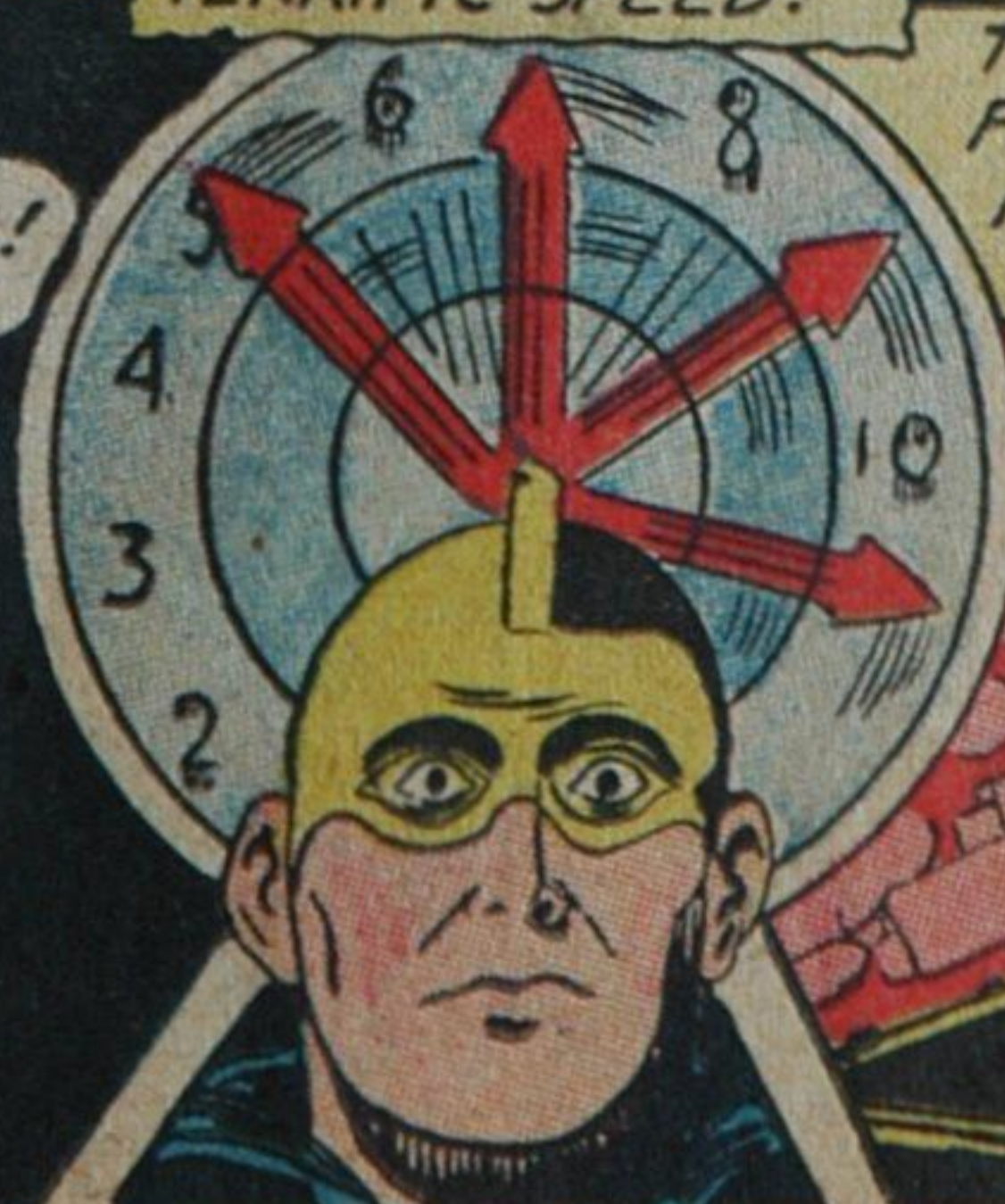
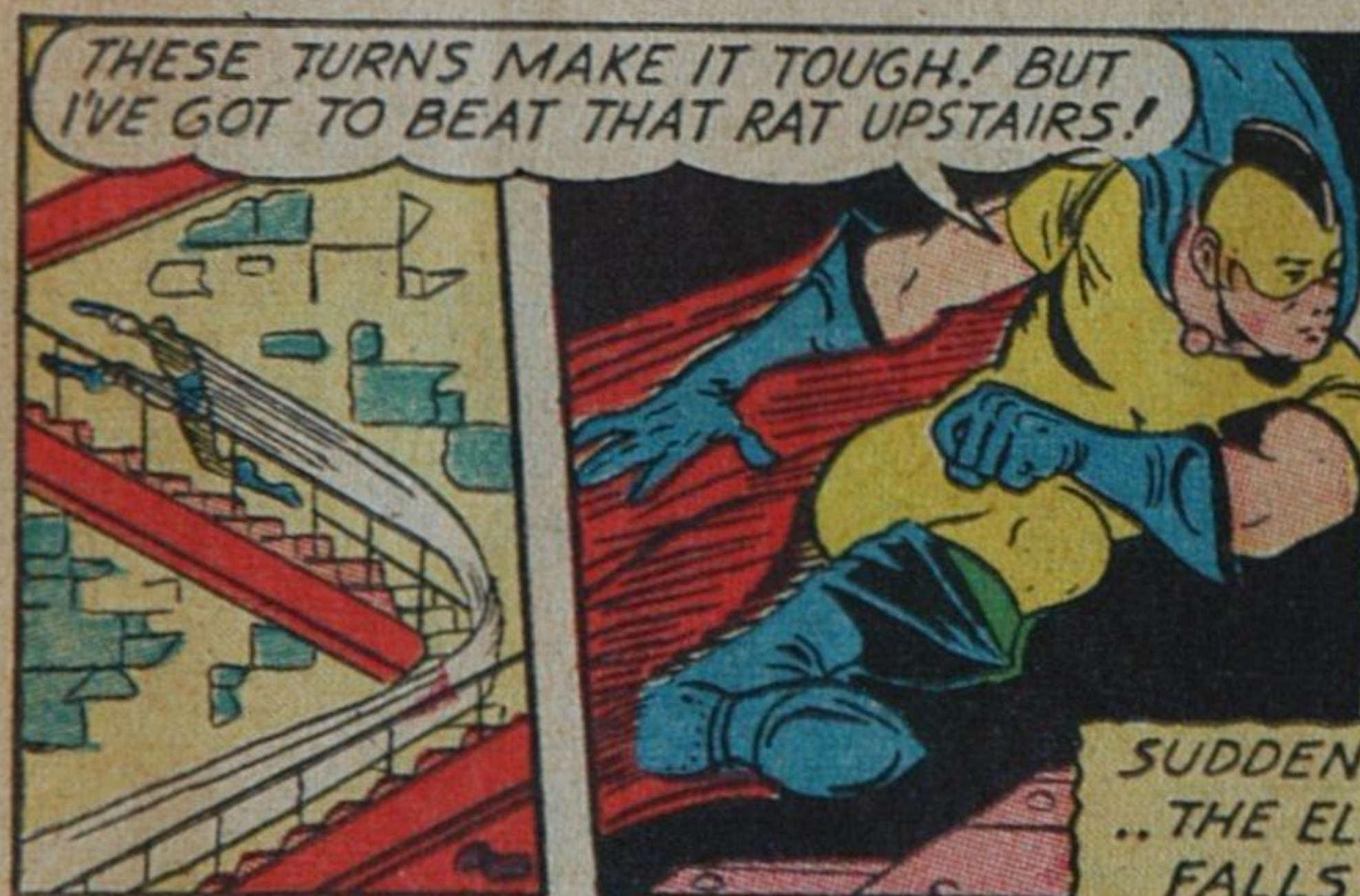
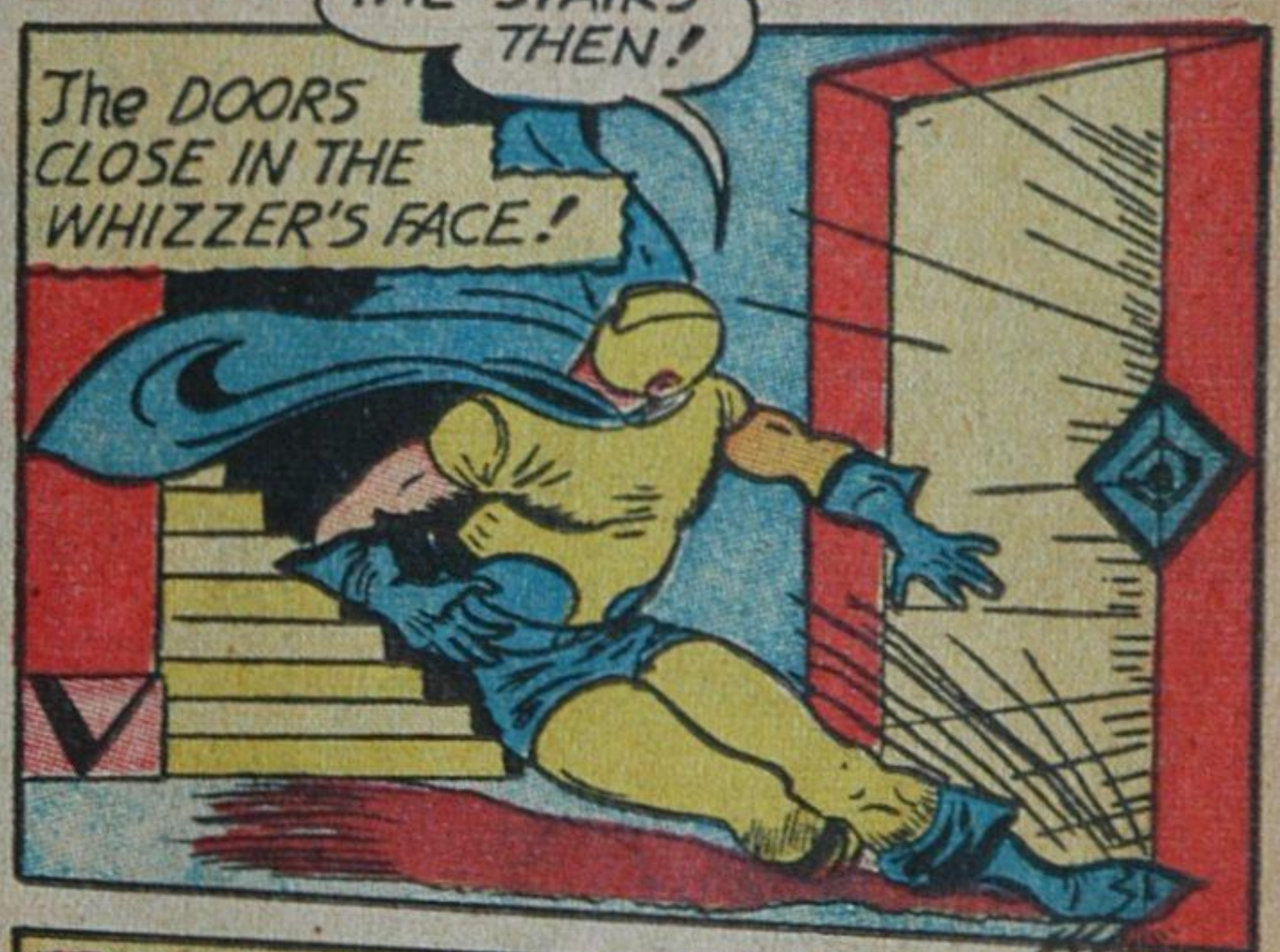
... YES SERGEANT!

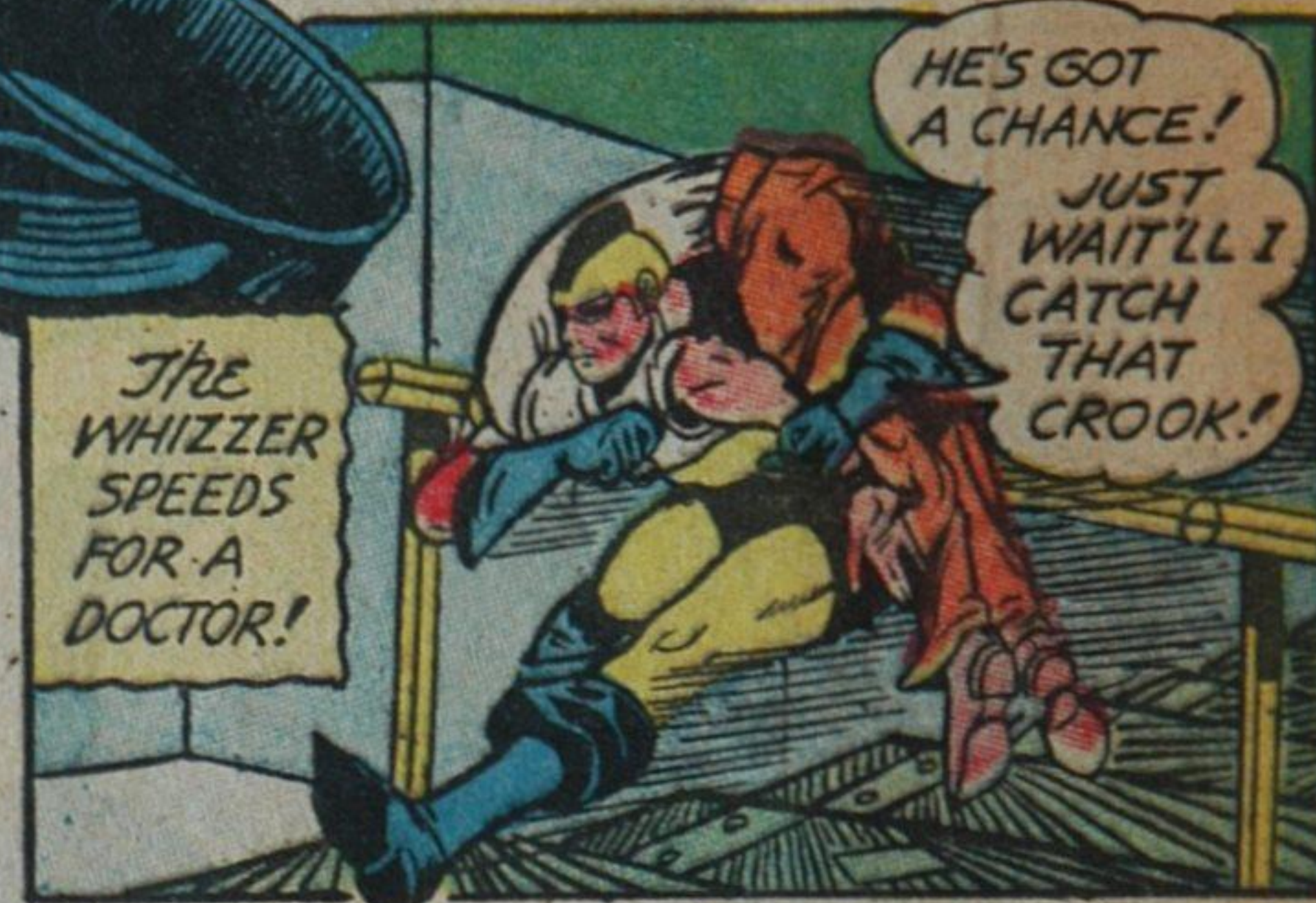
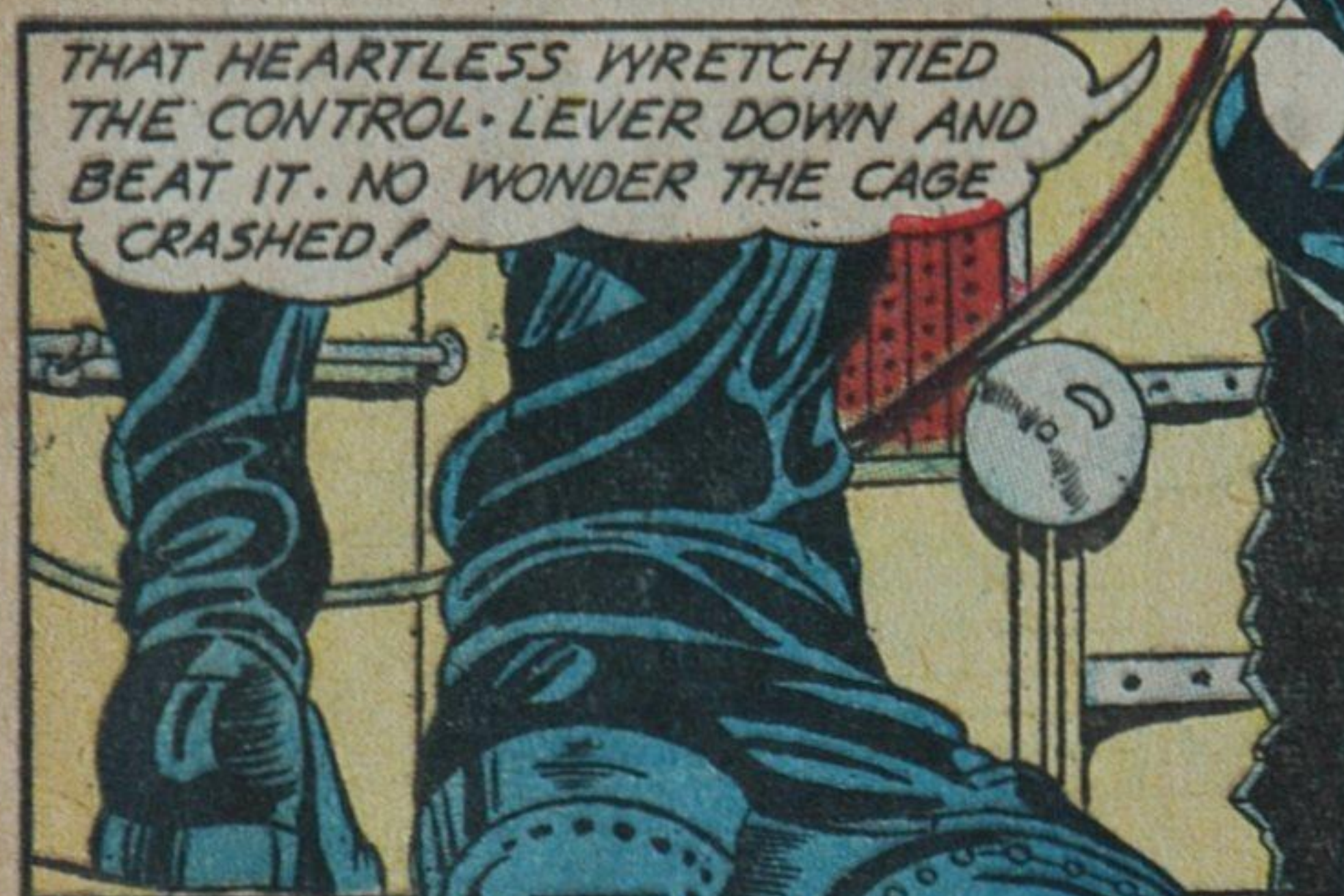


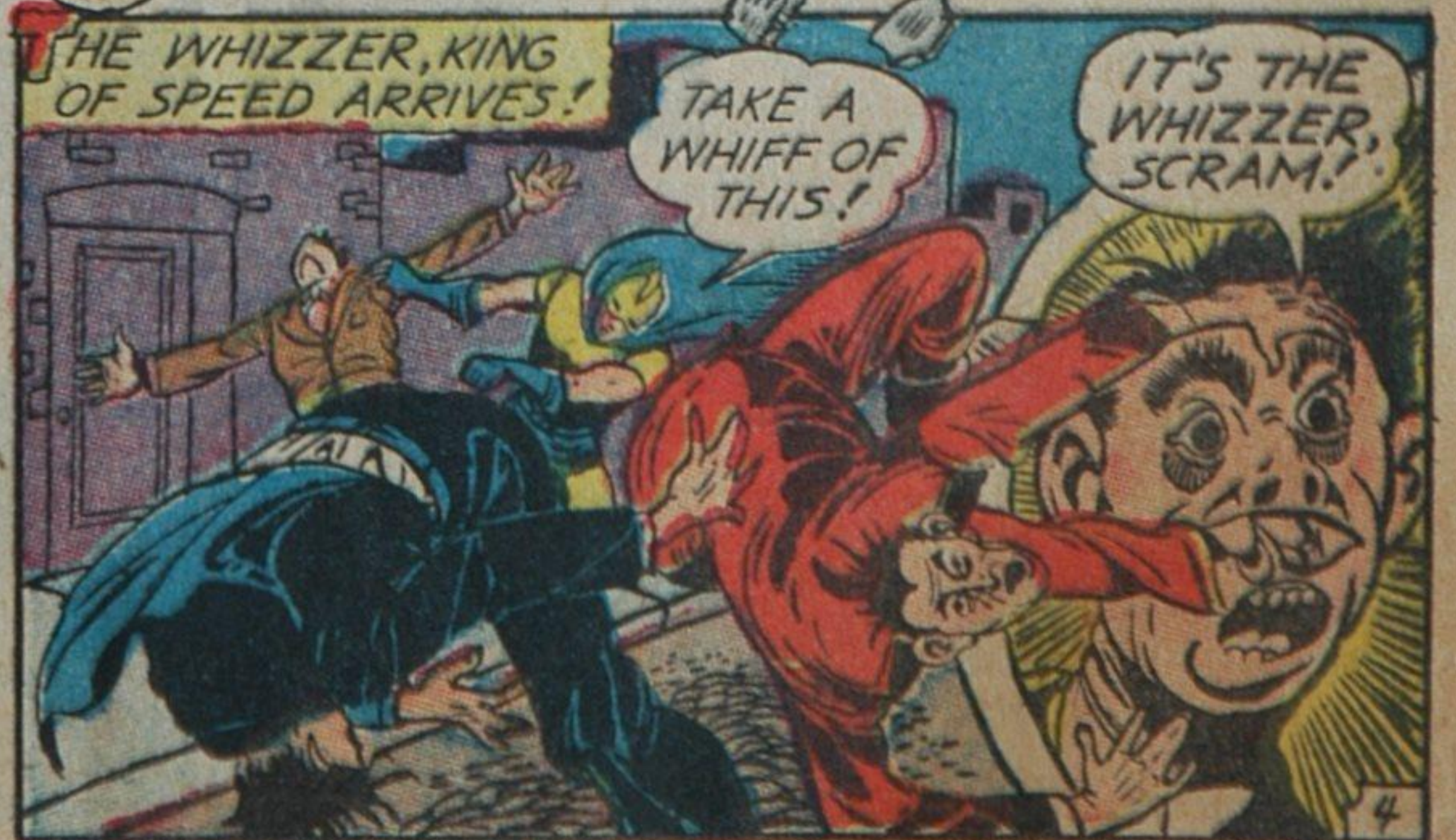
THE WHIZZER

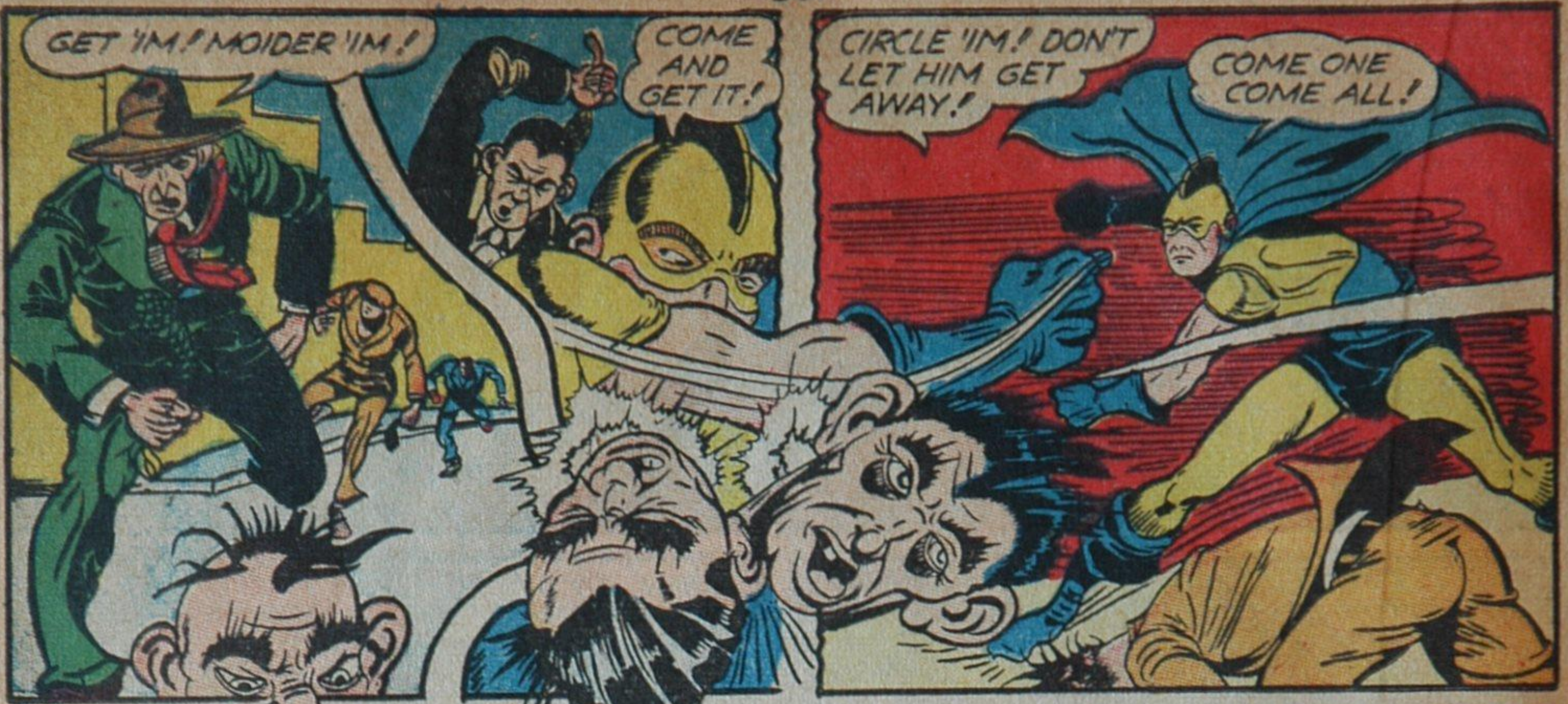
BY HOWARD YANIG







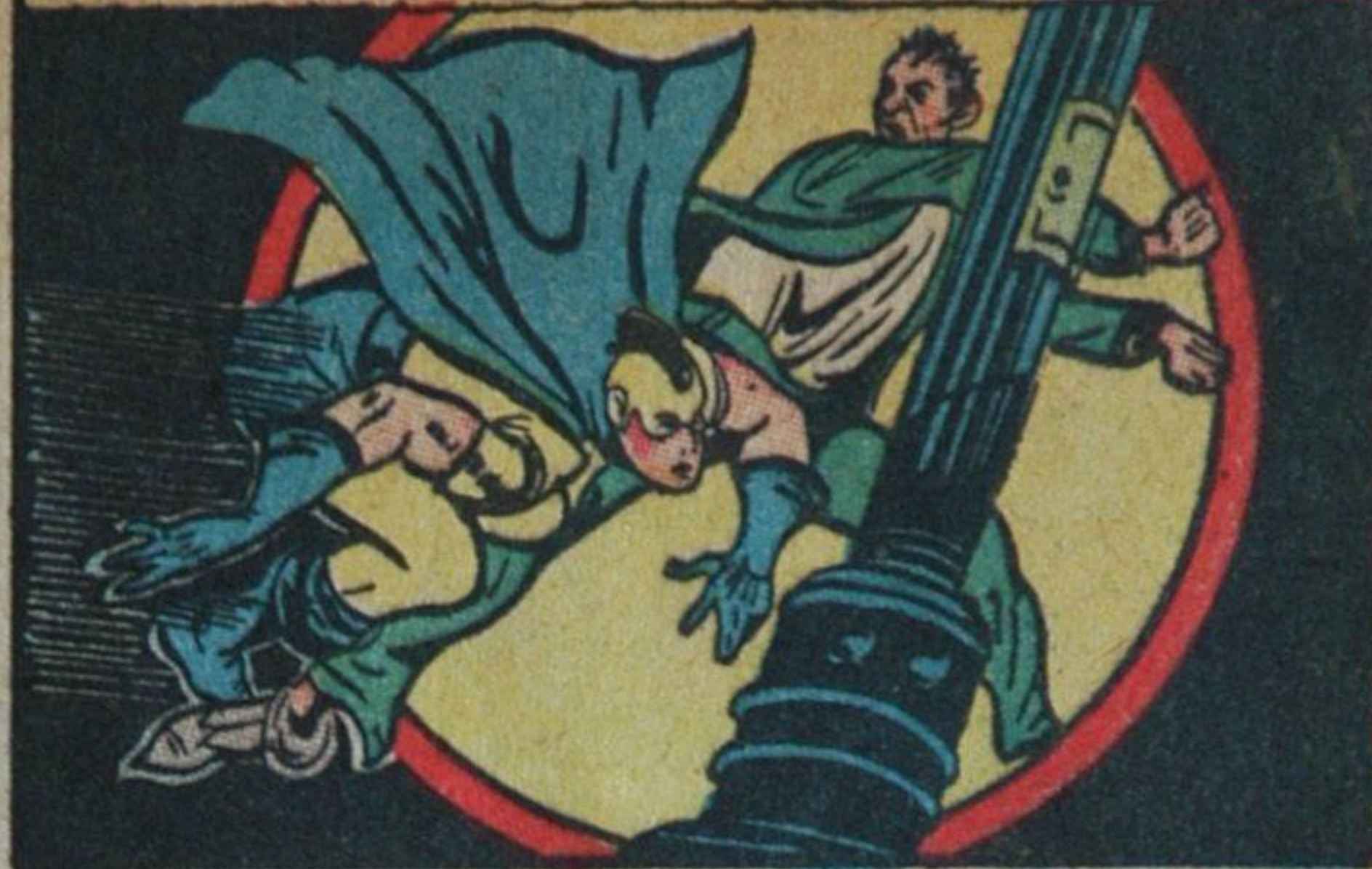




WITH HIS SUPERHUMAN SPEED THE WHIZZER BOWLS THEM DOWN, WHEN.....



THE CRAFTY LEET TRIPS THE KING OF SPEED.



WHILE, AT THE HIDEOUT, LEET GIVES HIS GANG FINAL ORDERS!

THIS'S OUR BIGGEST JOB! WE'LL ALL BE RICH SOON! UNDERSTAND!

AT THAT MOMENT THE WHIZZER APPEARS!

HERE IT IS! THAT'S THE NUMBER-306-NOW!



BUT AS THE KING OF SPEED INVESTIGATES...

THE WHIZZER PREPARES TO LEAP BUT... AT THE LAST MOMENT CHANGES HIS MIND!

HMM... DON'T SEE ANYTHING... WHAT'S THAT!

C'MON BOYS, IT'S GETTIN' LATE!

IT'S THE GANG! GUESS I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



MUCH LATER... NEAR THE SHOPPING CENTER OF TOWN...

THEY'RE SEPARATING INTO TWO MOBS!





THE WHIZZER FLIPS A COIN!



MINUTES PASS...THE MYSTERY DEEPENS..THE WHIZZER WAITS BEWILDERED!

THIS IS GETTING MY GOAT! ANY SECOND NOW AND I'LL BUST LOOSE!



WITHOUT WARNING, A WHISTLE SHRIEKS...



...AND THE THIRTY THUGS YANK THIRTY FIRE ALARM LEVERS!

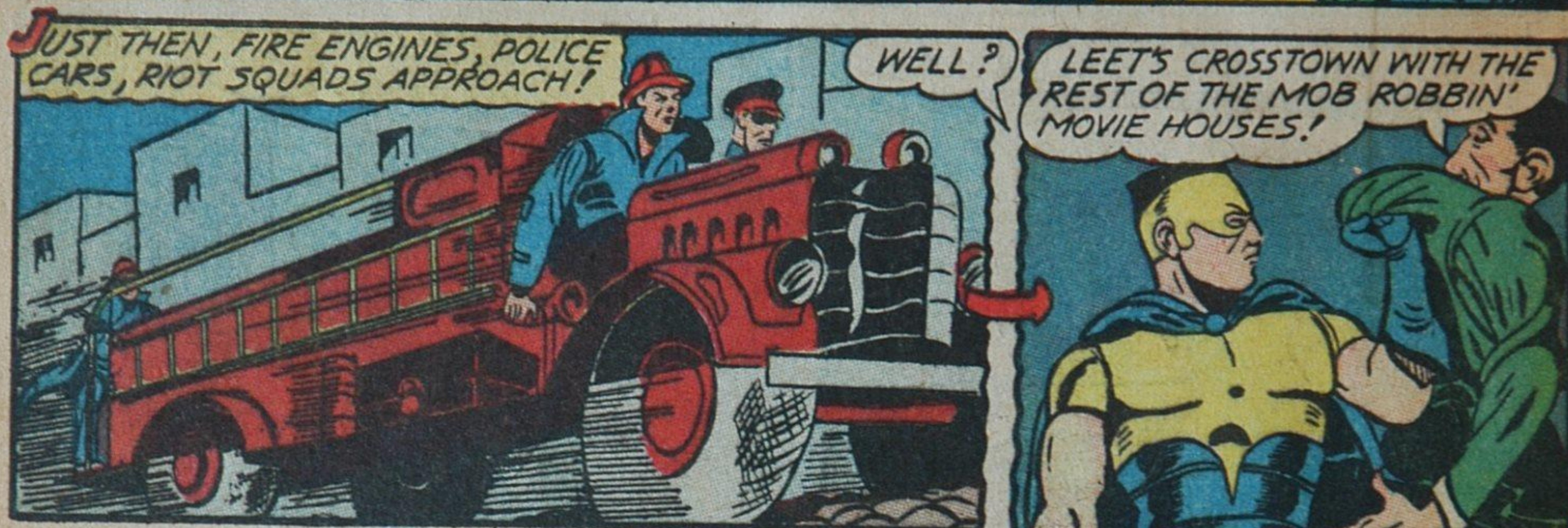
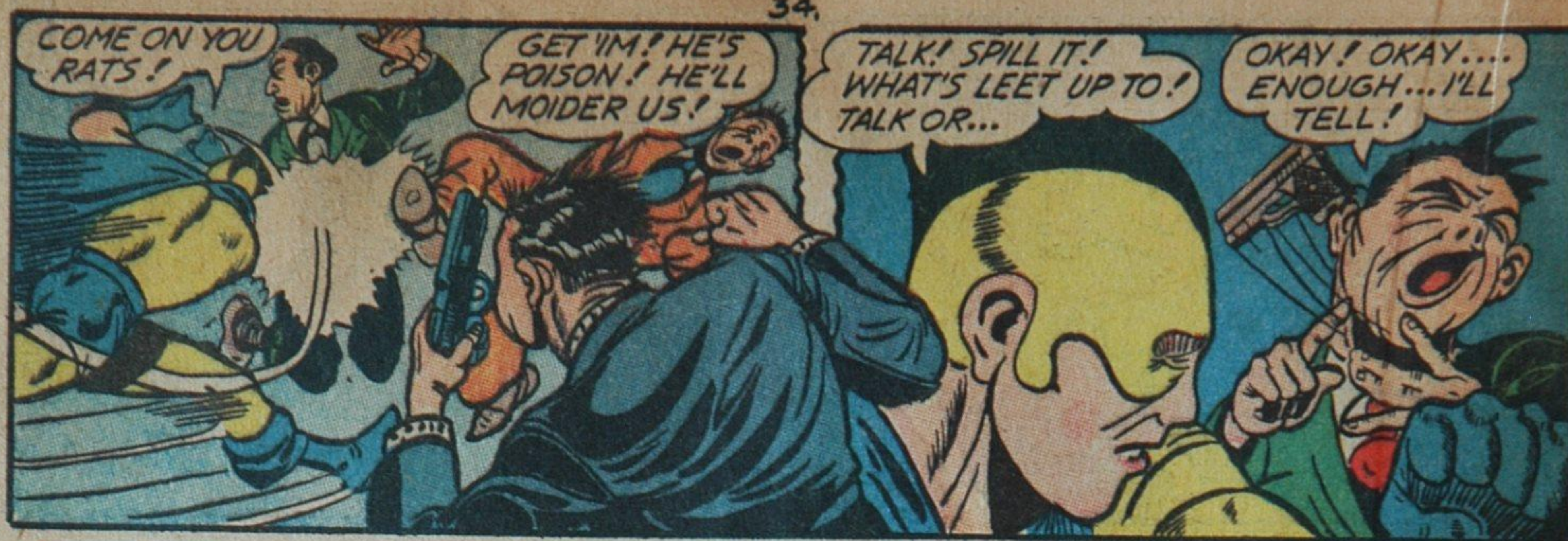


THOSE THUGS PULLED ALL THOSE LEVERS AT THE SAME TIME! GIVE ME ROOM!

ZOWIE HERE I COME!

SCRAM QUICK! IT'S THE WHIZZER!





AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE THEATRE MANAGERS' OFFICE...

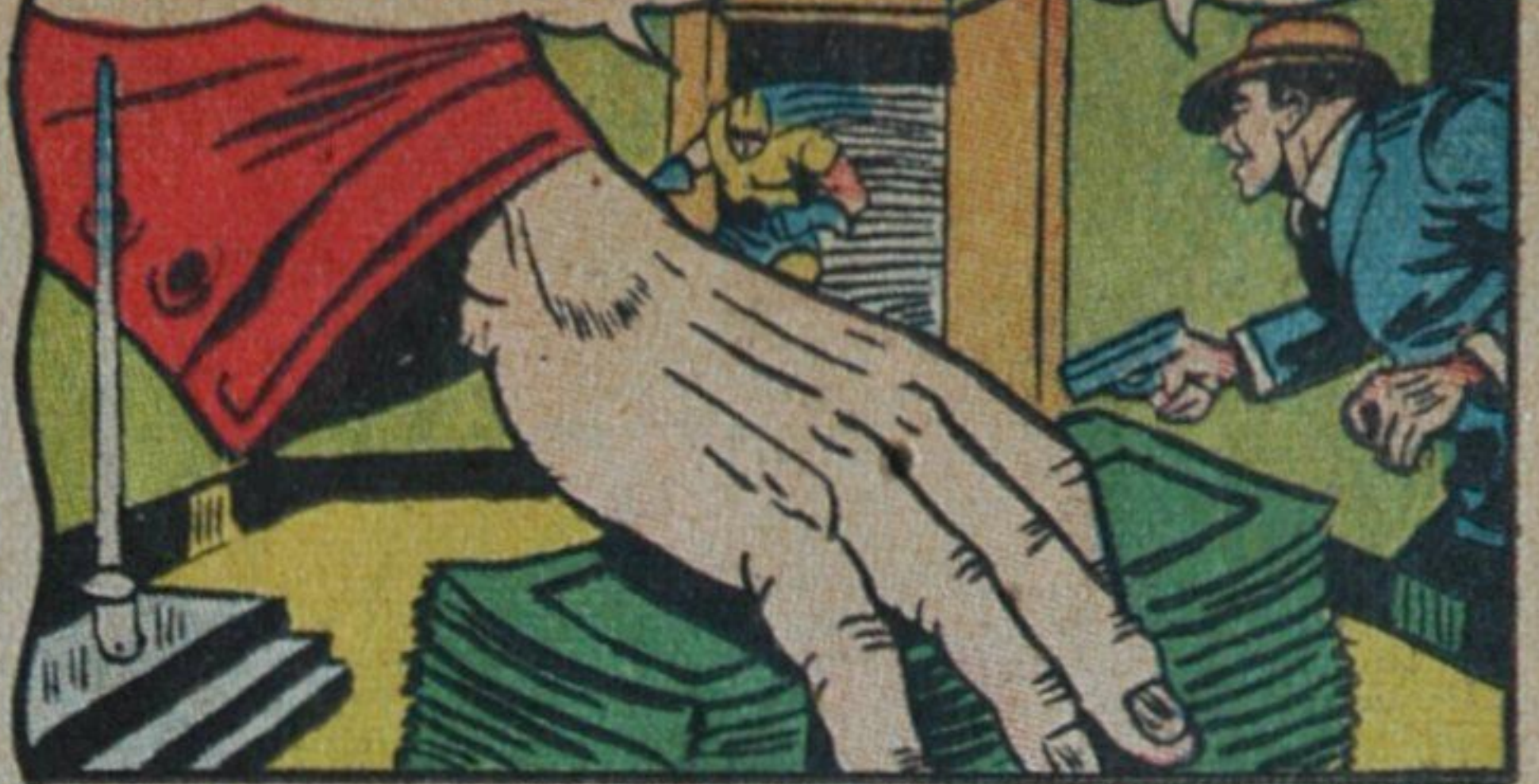
WHA...? WHO LET YOU GUYS IN HERE?

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, WE JUST WANT THE DOUGH!



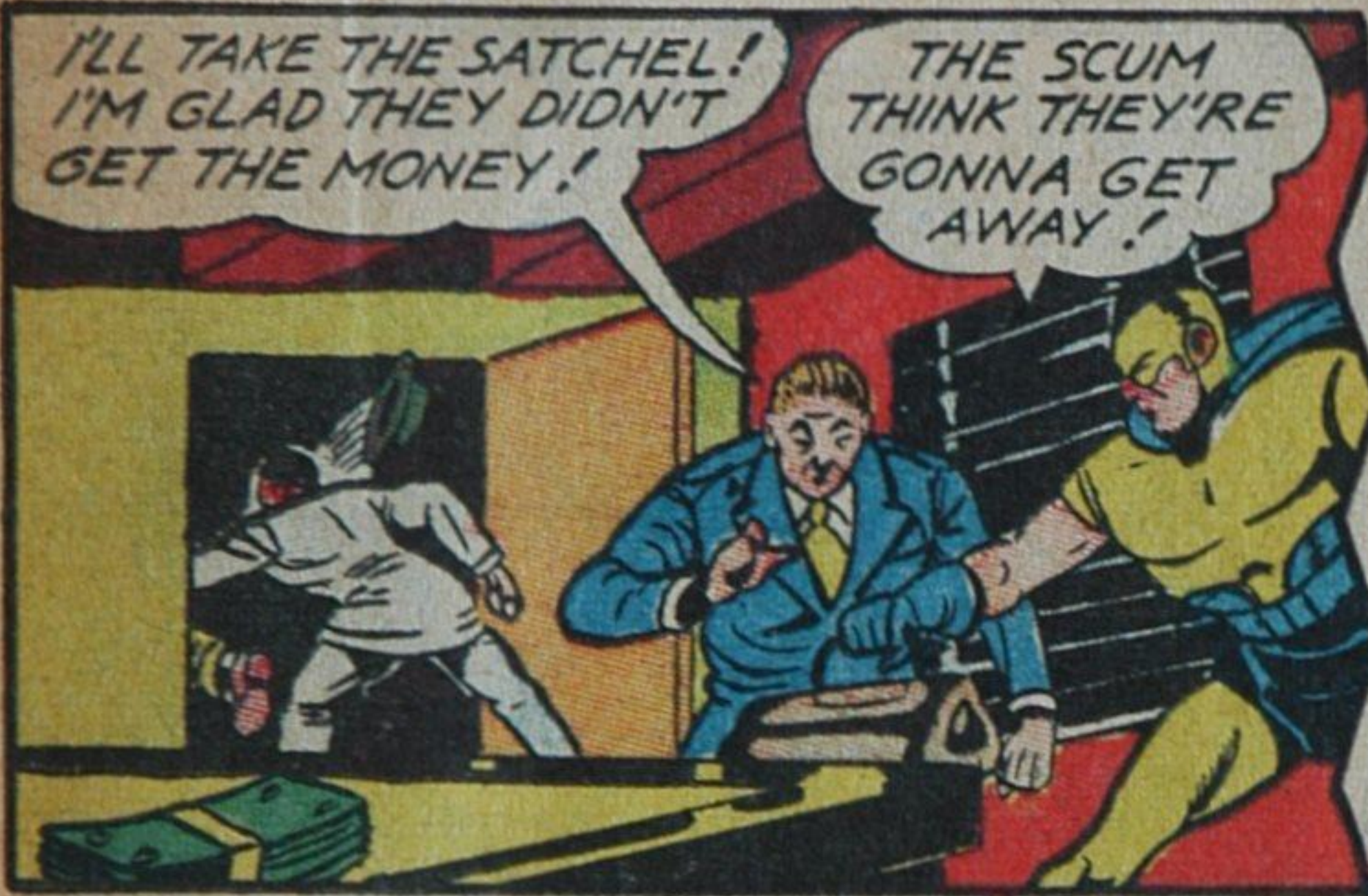
THE WHIZZER STEPS IN! YIPE, LET'S SCRAM OUTTA HERE!

OH, OH! STEALING ARE YOU? ZOWIE!



I'LL TAKE THE SATCHEL! I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T GET THE MONEY!

THE SCUM THINK THEY'RE GONNA GET AWAY!



LET'S GET TO THE ROOF AND CUT ACROSS!

MAKE IT SNAPPY!



BUT THE WHIZZER IS NOT FAR BEHIND...

THOSE SAPS NEED MORE OF A HEAD-- START TO ESCAPE FROM ME!



GIVE ME ROOM, HERE I COME!

YOW! HE'S AFTER US!



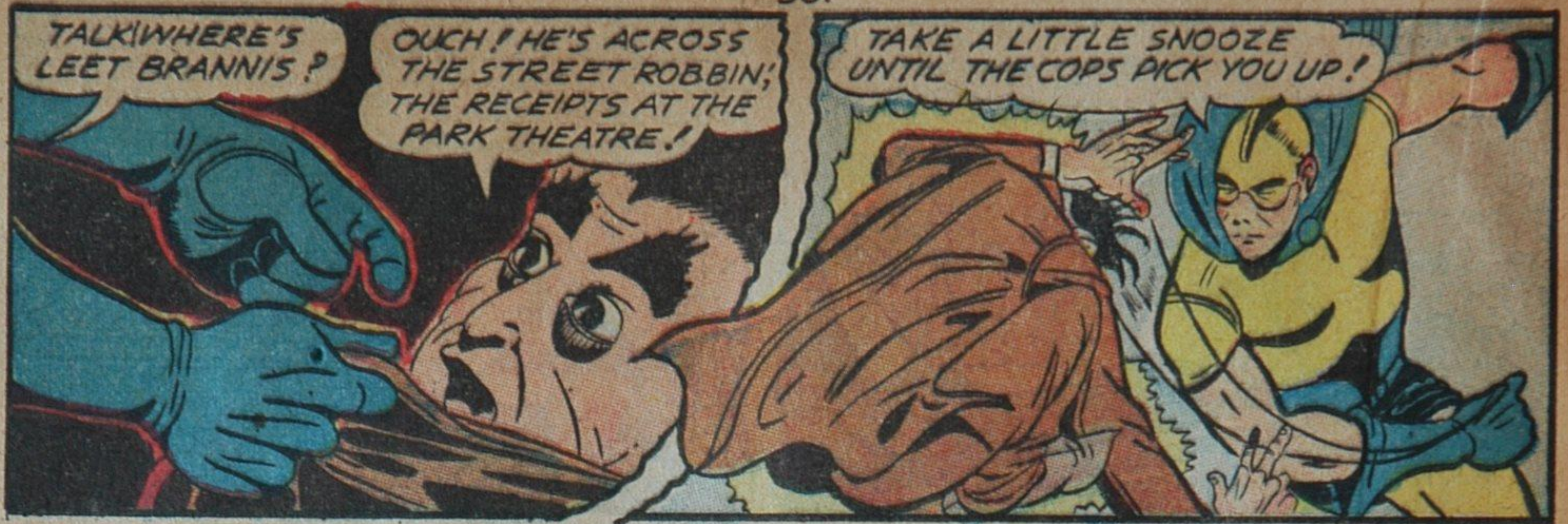
FANCY MEETING YOU BOYS HERE!

OWWWW!



JUST THE FINISHING TOUCHES! THERE!





BUT BEFORE A SHOT IS FIRED, THE KING OF SPEED GOES INTO ACTION!

ZOWIE! NO TIME FOR PLAYIN' GAMES!

THE RAT IS DESERTING HIS SHIP, EH? HERE'S WHERE I DROWN HIM!

THE WHIZZER MAKES USE OF THE BANNISTER...

AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, BRANNIS!

WELL-I THOUGHT YOUSE WERE UP-STAIRS!

I JUST WANT TO TEACH YOU THE MANLY ART OF FISTICUFFS! FIRST A RIGHT TO THE JAW!

THEN FOLLOW UP WITH A LEFT! SEE WHAT I MEAN?

IN A FEW SECONDS, IT'S ALL OVER! THE POLICE TAKE OVER!

THANKS FOR SAVING THE MONEY!

YOU'LL FIND THE LOOT OF BRANNIS' ROBBERIES AT HIS PAWN SHOP ON WEST 4TH STREET! THOSE FALSE-ALARMS WERE USED TO DIVERT POLICE FROM THESE THEATRE ROBBERIES!

HIS WORK DONE, THE KING OF SPEED MAKES HIS EXIT!

AND THAT'S THAT FOR TO-DAY!

THAT GUY'S FASTER THAN A CYCLONE! WOW!

"MISER'S GOLD!"

"YEE-OW! YE-OW!" It was a blood-chilling cry of agony. It penetrated the darkness of the forest and reached the ears of Pony Patrolmen Jack and Bill Carson sitting around their camp fire a mile away.

"What was that, Jack?" cried Bill, springing up.

"Could have been a panther," said Jack, but the flickering firelight revealed the doubt in his face. He didn't believe it was a panther any more than Bill.

"Yee-ow! Yee-ow!" Again it came.

"Panther, my eye! That's a human cry. Somebody is being tortured," exclaimed Bill, racing toward White Star, his jet black pony with the single white star in his forehead.

Jack paused just long enough to throw another log on the camp fire, then sprinted for his own pony, Silver Streak, frog-leaping over Silver Streak's long white tail and sleek haunches into the saddle.

"Heighho!" yelled Jack.

"Heighho!" yelled Bill.

The ponies were off like a flash in long, ground-covering strides.

Again the wail of anguish penetrated the night. It seemed to be coming from somewhere along the Devil's Backbone — a road so crooked that people said the Devil had done the surveying. Then suddenly all was still. No longer did the cry of torture cut through the dark, heavy foliage of the forest.

"Ho!" cried Jack. Both ponies stopped short at the command. With every nerve taut, the boys listened. Not a sound but their own and their ponies breathing!

"'Fraid we're too late," commented Jack briefly.

"Yeah. Poor wretch," said Bill. He added very thoughtfully, "No telling what we're running into."

Jack shrugged in the darkness. "We'll soon know. Let's go."

But at that moment, another sound broke the stillness of the night. Not a cry of agony this time. Not a human voice. But the long drawn-out neigh of a horse. Then the quick clop-clop of galloping horses coming down the road toward them.

In a single bound, Jack and Bill were out of their saddles and pressing the nostrils of their ponies. There must be no answering neigh to betray the presence of Pony Patrolmen in the district.

With hardly a sound, they lead their ponies out of the road behind a screen of bushes. There they waited, clinging tightly to the noses of White Star and Silver Streak bobbing their heads in angry protest against the strong fingers pressing into their nostrils.

Tense, ready for anything that might come, the boys waited, straining their eyes to pierce the darkness of the road. The noise of galloping hoofs drew near. The sound reached the bend. Around the bend came the horses and riders.

"There's two of them," hissed Bill, peering down the road at the two dark blots. "There's a big hump on the back of the horse on the right. Looks like something tied there. Whatever it is it's slipping off."

Silver Streak shook her nose free. Jack grabbed at it. Missed. She threw up her head to neigh. Just in time, Jack caught her nose. He pulled her head low and spoke soothingly, "Steady! Steady!" he whispered. The pony quieted.

"Heh, Spot! You're about to lose the old miser," one of the galloping riders shouted in a hoarse voice to the other.

Jack recognized that voice instantly. So did Bill. It had come

from the throat of Meanie McGee, a no good loafer.

"Whoa! Whoa!" ordered the man named Spot. The horses came to a stop not ten feet away from where Bill and Jack were hidden.

Meanie's pal, Spot, dismounted to push the heavy burden on the back of the horse into place again. He muttered as he worked. Jack and Bill could hear every word.

"What if the old miser is lying? Suppose he ain't got his money where he said?" Spot grumbled at Meanie.

Jack's hand shot out to clutch Bill's arm. They knew now what that burden was on the back of the horse. It was old Silas Henry, the town miser, tortured until he had fainted. Often Sheriff Watson had pleaded with him to put his money in the bank. Always, he had snarled, "Don't trust the banks! I'll keep my money where I got it."

Sheriff Watson had been afraid of something like this happening. He'd told Pony Patrolmen, Jack and Bill, "The old man is a fool. But it's our duty to protect him. So keep your eyes open."

Bill eased his hand off White Star's nose and drew his sling shot. Jack saw the motion and read his intention. He caught his hand as Bill was about to fit one of his heavy, knock-out stones into it.

"No good," Jack whispered to him. "Too dark. Mount. We'll use our lariats."

As silently as cats, the boys mounted and untied the leather throngs that bound their lariats to the saddles. When they had set their loops ready for quick action, they hung them over the horns of their saddles until they tied up the reins of White Star and Silver Streak. The hands of Jack and Bill would be too busy in the next few minutes to hold

reins, besides, the ponies answered as quickly to the pressure of knees as they did a tug on the reins.

Meanie's pal, Spot, climbed back into the saddle, still growling, "Bet his gold ain't where he said just the same," he said.

"It better be," snarled Meanie, "or I'll burn more than his feet next time." He clicked his tongue at his horse. "Get-going, you old sack of bones!" he ordered, giving his horse a vicious kick in the side.

That was just the moment the boys had been waiting for. Out they came, twirling their lariats into a large loop, yelling at the top of their voices. The horses of Meanie and his pal reared straight up in the air. The horses heard the swish of the lariats. They had tasted the rope before in the hands of the cruel stableman who broke them to the saddle. Panic overcame them. They reared higher, pawing the air. Higher they went, Up! Up! Too late they realized they were off balance. They toppled over backward with a screaming terrified whinny, their legs thrashing the empty air.

The lariats landed in that second. Not on Meanie and his pal, but on the churning legs of the horses. Meanie and his pal jumped clear. They dived for Bill and Jack. Jack kicked out with his cowboy boots. The heel caught Meanie on the chin. He staggered back with a cry of rage. He lunged again at Jack. Again Jack kicked, but Meanie caught the boot and gave it a savage twist, jerking at the same time. Jack saw stars as he fell from the saddle and the ground slapped him in the face.

Meantime, Bill was having a tough go of it, too. He'd gotten in several good kicks and a couple of solid blows, but finally, he, too, was jerked from the saddle.

With the boys on the ground, it was a matter of seconds for the two cowardly brutes to knock them out. However, the moment before Jack went down for good, he put his fingers to his lips and whistled three sharp blasts: S-srr-ee! S-srr-ee! S-srr-ee!

Silver Streak and White Star were standing a little to the side of

the road. To them, three whistles was their signal. It mean, "Get Sheriff Watson, Silver Streak and White Star!" They were off like greased lightning, going so fast down the road it looked as if their ears were pinned to their hides.

When Jack and Bill came to, they were bound and lying beside their own camp fire. Old Silas Henry was lying there, bound as they were. He kept groaning and whimpering. They knew he must hurt something awful—what with his burns and the horse falling on him, too, because he hadn't been able to jump clear like Meanie and Spot.

Suddenly, Jack noticed Meanie and one of the horses was gone. He frowned. He wanted Meanie here, too, when Sheriff Watson arrived.

"Where's Meanie?", snapped Jack.

"Gone to see if this old fool's lied to us," retorted Spot, turning an evil grin toward Old Silas Henry. Spot's tobacco-stained lips drew back into a snarl which showed his dirty, yellow teeth. "If he has, he'll get another taste of this," he said, pulling a red hot poker, glowing white at the tip, from the fire.

The old man started jibbering. He was crazy with fear. He screamed and screamed.

Spot walked up to him holding the red hot poker and kicked him in the side. "Shut up, or I'll give you something to scream about," he barked, lowering the poker threateningly.

"Oh! No, no," begged the old man pitifully, trying to roll away.

Jack strained at his bounds. Through clinched teeth, he ground out a warning, "Spot, touch that old man again and I'll make you regret it the rest of your life."

Spot acted like that was a good joke. He laughed loud and boisterously. Abruptly, his laugh died in his throat. In the distance, unmistakably, came the thunder of hoofs. Spot's face went ashy. He wheeled like a cornered rat and glared with fury at Bill and Jack, who were grinning broadly. A fiendish glow came into Spot's eyes. He moved slowly toward

Bill and Jack, with the poker held out in front of him.

"You sent them ponies for the Sheriff, didn't you?" he bellowed, creeping slowly toward them. A cruel, evil laugh cackled from his ugly throat. "Something tells me Sheriff Watson ain't going to like the looks of his Pony Patrolmen when he gets here," he sneered.

He was so close now, Jack could feel the heat of the poker. It was coming in a straight line, toward his face—a red, glowing weapon of torture and pain.

Spot didn't know that he was monkeying with two of the toughest Pony Patrolmen Sheriff Watson had. He thought because their feet and hand were tied they'd have to lie there and take anything. But not Bill and Jack!

They spun like automatic machines, using the points of their shoulders like the peg on a top. When they stopped spinning, their bound feet was toward Spot. As though they'd practiced it for years, they kicked out together with all their might.

"Whoof!" was the noise Spot made as the two pair of boots landed squarely in his stomach. He doubled over, groaning and gasping for breath. The poker fell harmlessly to the ground, where it sizzled in the leaves, sending up little white curls of smoke.

Jack whistled softly. "That was a little too close for comfort," he said. Bill grinned. "And how!" he agreed with feeling.

Spot was still doubled over when Sheriff Watson and his men came into sight. And out in front leading the way, galloped White Star and Silver Streak, their heads high, their manes and tails flying proudly. Bringing up the rear, was Meanie McGee on the horse he'd ridden off on. His hands were tied to the saddle horn. Sheriff Watson had caught him returning with Old Silas Henry's gold tied to his saddle.

One thing you can bet, Pony Patrolmen, Jack and Bill Carson, never again, had to rescue Old Silas Henry. The very next morning he hobbled down to the bank on his sore feet and deposited his money!

THE SUB-MARINER

...COMBATS THE
**SINISTER
HORDE!**

Bill Greell



WHEREIN, NAMOR, CALLED
BY THE NAVY DEPARTMENT
IN WASHINGTON FOR ASSISTANCE
IN CLEANING OUT THE
**NAZI U-BOAT
MENACE**

ALONG THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD,
MEETS WITH THE CUNNING
DR. SAK
AND UPSETS AN INGENIOUS
PIECE OF WARTIME STRATEGY!

ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD, NEWSPAPERS CARRY DAILY REPORTS OF CONTINUOUS SINKINGS OF U.S. VESSELS BY AXIS SUBMARINES...



THE PUBLIC BECOMES EMBITTERED BY THE NAVY'S SEEMINGLY FUTILE EFFORTS TO STOP THE CATASTROPHES.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WASHINGTON REPORTS
THERE AREN'T ANY U-BOATS
ON THE ATLANTIC COAST!

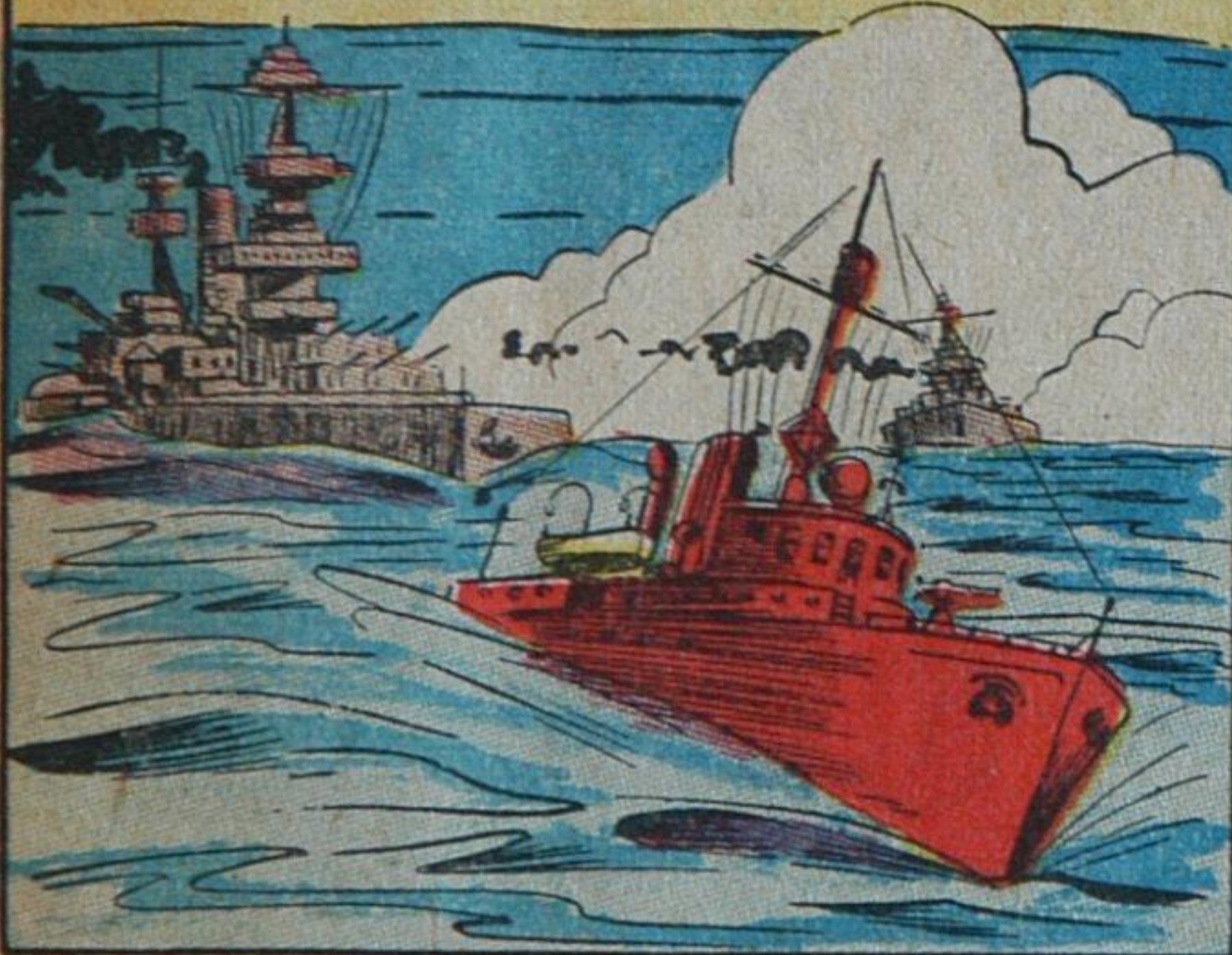


I KNOW--ACCORDING TO THE NAVY, THEY'VE KEPT THE COAST CLEAR, SUNK A LOT OF SUBS AND MINED ALL THE INLAND WATERS.

THAT'S PROBABLY TRUE
--YET THESE SINKINGS
STILL GO ON. THOSE
DIRTY HUNS MUST HAVE A
SECRET BASE SOMEWHERE
ALONG THE LINE HERE, AS
THEY DID IN THE
LAST WAR!



THE NAVY AND COAST GUARD KEEP ON THE ALERT, SCOUTING AND PATROLLING THE ENTIRE COASTLINE--DESTROYERS, SUB-CHASERS, AND PLANES ON THE MOVE EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY AND NIGHT...



...BUT APPARENTLY TO NO AVAIL. THE **HARVESTER** GOES DOWN WITH A CARGO OF LUMBER AND A CREW OF 76. THE **MULTITUDE** SINKS WITH COFFEE AND SUGAR, AND HER 43-MAN CREW. PASSENGER LINERS ARE TORPEDOED--HUNDREDS OF LIVES ARE LOST WITHIN A FEW WEEKS... **WASHINGTON BECOMES DESPERATE!**



IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON...

TAKE A WIRE TO **PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!** ...URGENTLY ASK YOUR ASSISTANCE IN WIPING OUT U-BOAT MENACE ON ATLANTIC SEABORD...STOP... PRESIDENT REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE IN WASHINGTON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE... REPLY... ...STOP." THAT'S ALL. GET IT OFF!



SECONDS LATER, THE MESSAGE CRACKLES OUT INTO THE ETHER...



...AND IS PICKED UP BY **NAMOR'S** LISTENING POST IN THE ANTARCTIC!...

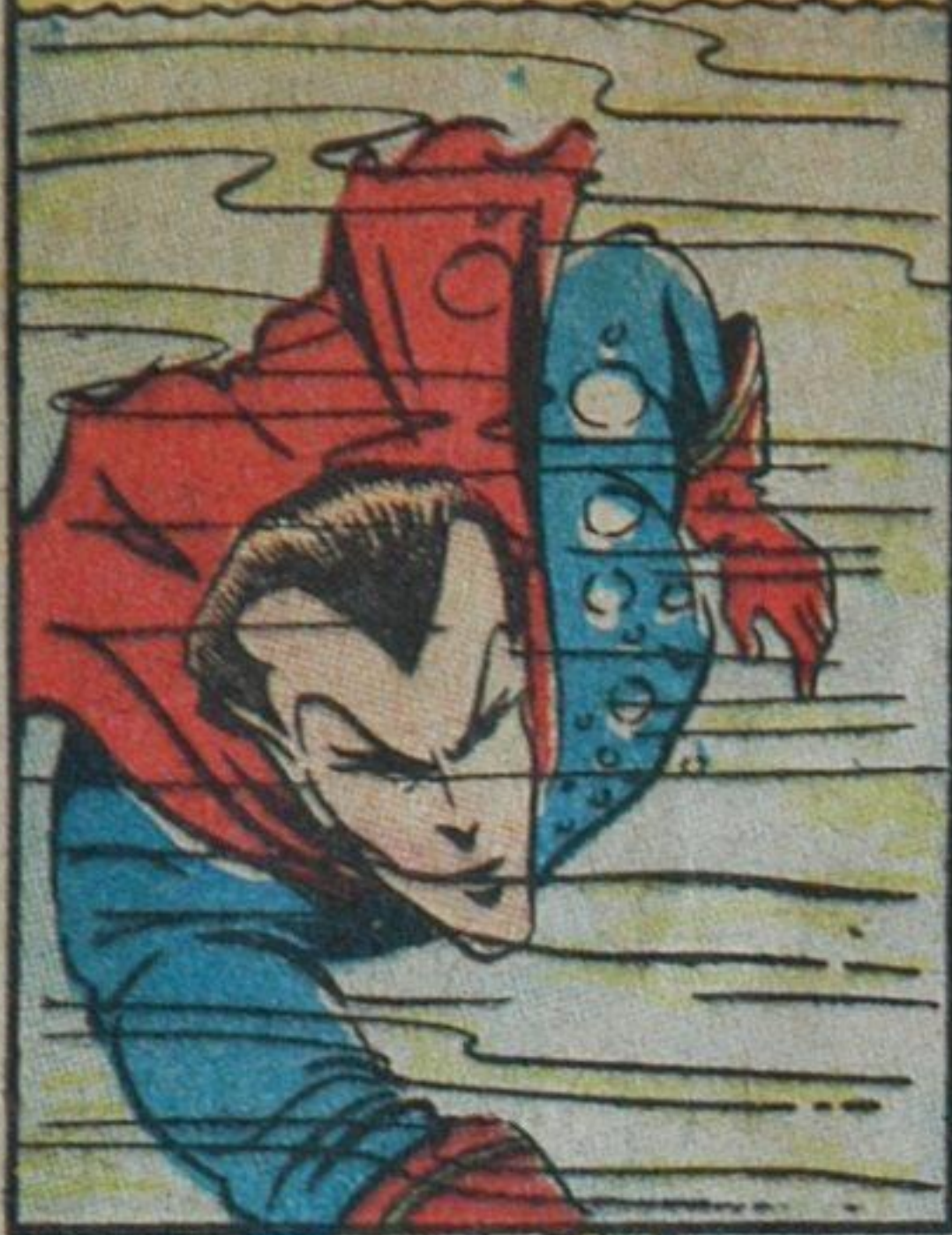
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW, PRINCE?

HOLY HALIBUT!

WHY DOESN'T WASHINGTON LEAVE ME ALONE? THEY WANT ME TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE NAZI U-BOAT FLEET!... WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, **NAMOR** DIVES FAR IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, STREAKING NORTHWARD...



WITHIN THREE DAYS, HE APPLIES FOR ADMISSION TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, AND IS ESCORTED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY --



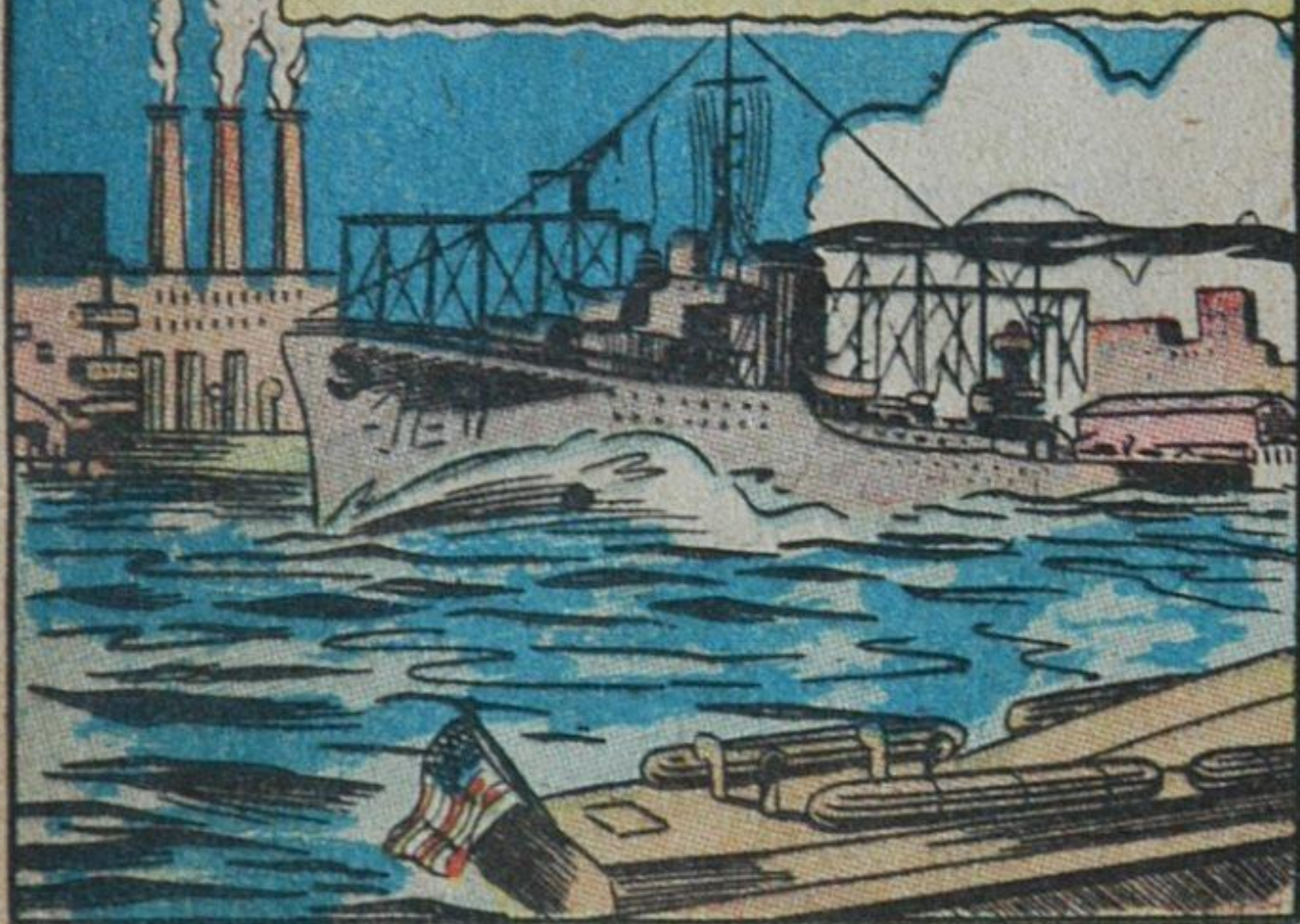
A HEATED CONFERENCE ENSUES, WITH **NAMOR** ARGUING FOR A FREE REIN, BUT THE OFFICIALS INSIST ON THE NAVY'S COOPERATION...



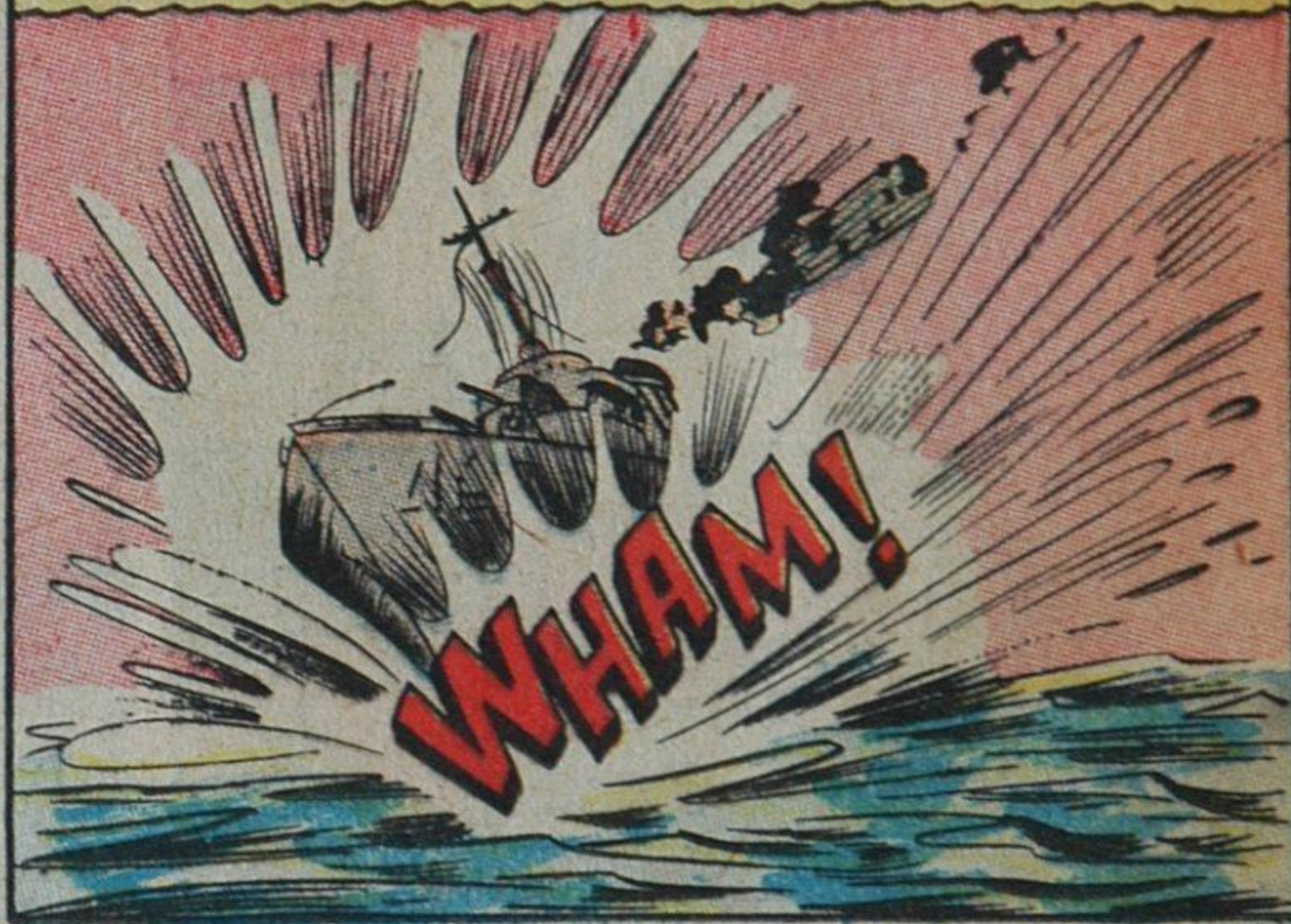
In the meantime...

A SMALL DESTROYER STEAMS OUT OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD...

ITS COMMISSION IS TO HUNT DOWN THE LATEST NAZI U-BOAT RAIDER...



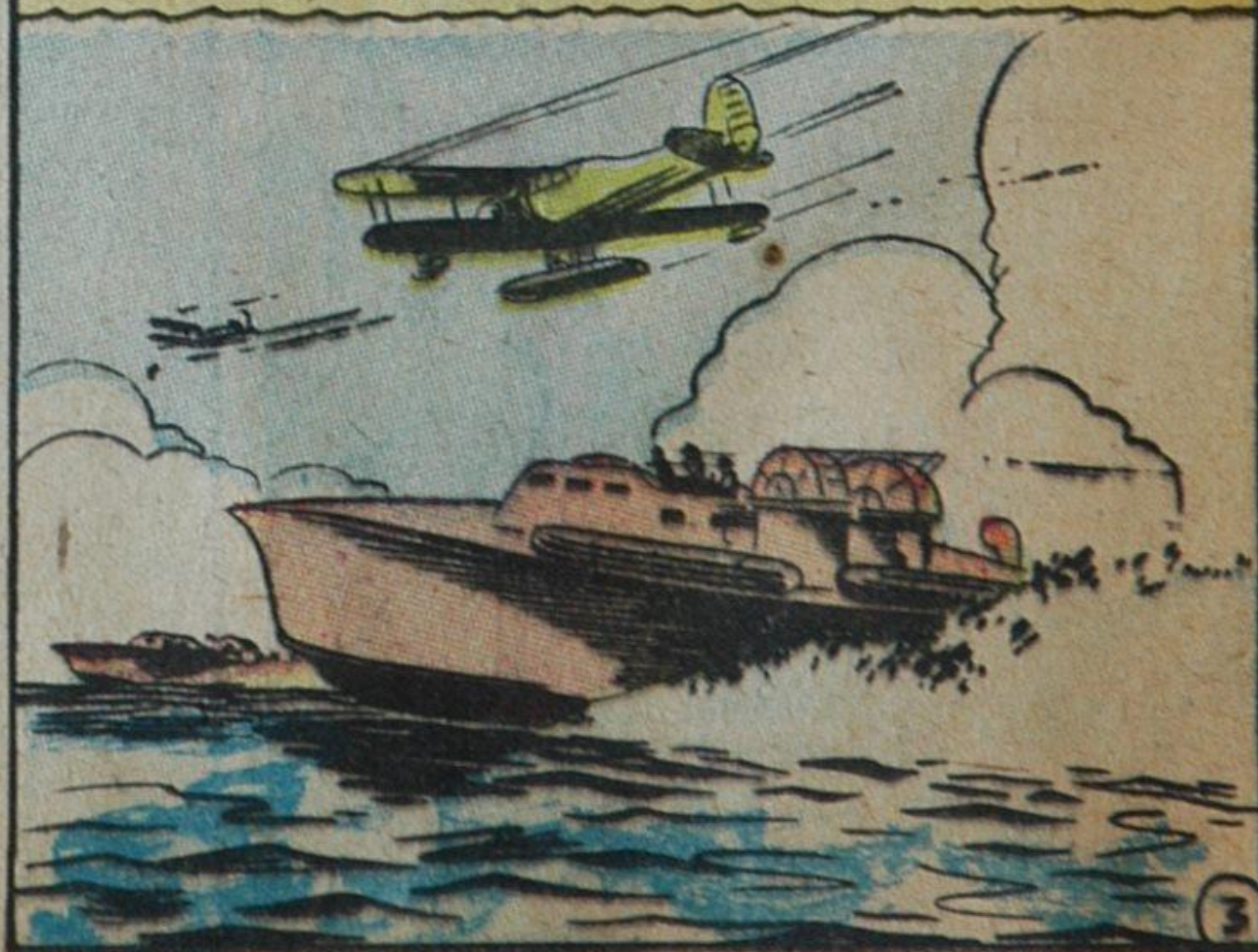
FIFTEEN MILES OUT OF NEW YORK, THERE IS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION! THE DESTROYER GOES UP IN A GEYSER OF TURBULENT, ROARING WATER!



AND AS SHE KEELS OVER AND SLOWLY SETTLES IN THE SEA, THE CONNING TOWER OF A NAZI U-BOAT CLEAVES THE SURFACE, SCANS THE SCENE, THEN SUBMERGES SILENTLY, UNNOTICED!



AN S.O.S. IS FLASHED TO THE NAVY YARD, AND IMMEDIATELY PLANES, SUB-CHASERS, AND P.T. BOATS ARE DISPATCHED TO HUNT DOWN THE ASSASSIN!



--- BUT THE RAIDER ESCAPES, AND, TRAVELLING CLOSE TO THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN, IT HEADS NORTH, ALONG THE OUTSIDE OF LONG ISLAND. ---

EIGHT KNOTS, SIR! ALL SHE CAN STAND!

TEN HOURS LATER, HER COMMANDER MISCALCULATES THE OCEAN'S DEPTH... SHE RAKES AGAINST THE ROCKY BOTTOM, RIPPING OUT SIX CONTROL-ROOM PLATES!

DONNER UND BLITZ!
VAS IST DAS???

R.R.R.I.I.I.P!

CRIPPLED, SHE BOBS TO THE SURFACE, THE BETTER TO OBSERVE HER DAMAGE

LOWER THE DIVING-STAGE! HEIDLEMAIER-HILSCHER- INTO YOUR SUITS! TAKE A LOOK AT THE STERN PLATES!

JAWOHL, HERR OBERLEUTNANT!

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, SHE IS CLOSE TO SHORE, AND TWO STATE GUARD "SPOTTERS" GET A GOOD LOOK AT HER...

JUMPIN' JUPITER, PAUL! A NAZI SUBMARINE! QUICK, TELEPHONE THE NAVY DEPARTMENT!

WHAT'S UP, PAUL?

LINE OPEN TO WASHINGTON, JOE? GOTTA GET THROUGH TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN A HURRY!
U-BOAT OFF SHORE!

HELLO, OPERATOR!!! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? GIVE ME THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON!
YES!!! IT'S URGENT! HELLO! HELLO! WASHINGTON? THIS IS THE NEW YORK STATE GUARD CALLING! ---

NAZI U-BOAT SIGHTED 20 MILES SOUTH OF MONTAUK POINT, OFF LONG ISLAND!!!

--- BUT EVEN AS THE WIRES HUM WITH THE VITAL REPORT, THE ENEMY SUBMARINE SUBMERGES SLOWLY INTO THE POUNDING WATERS OFF THE COAST -----

IN WASHINGTON, THE CALL IS PUT THROUGH, AND ARRIVES AT THE CONFERENCE ROOM ---

WHAT? OKAY! OKAY!

"U-BOAT 20 MILES SOUTH OF MONTAUK POINT" -- SURE! I GOT IT! OKAY -- THANKS!



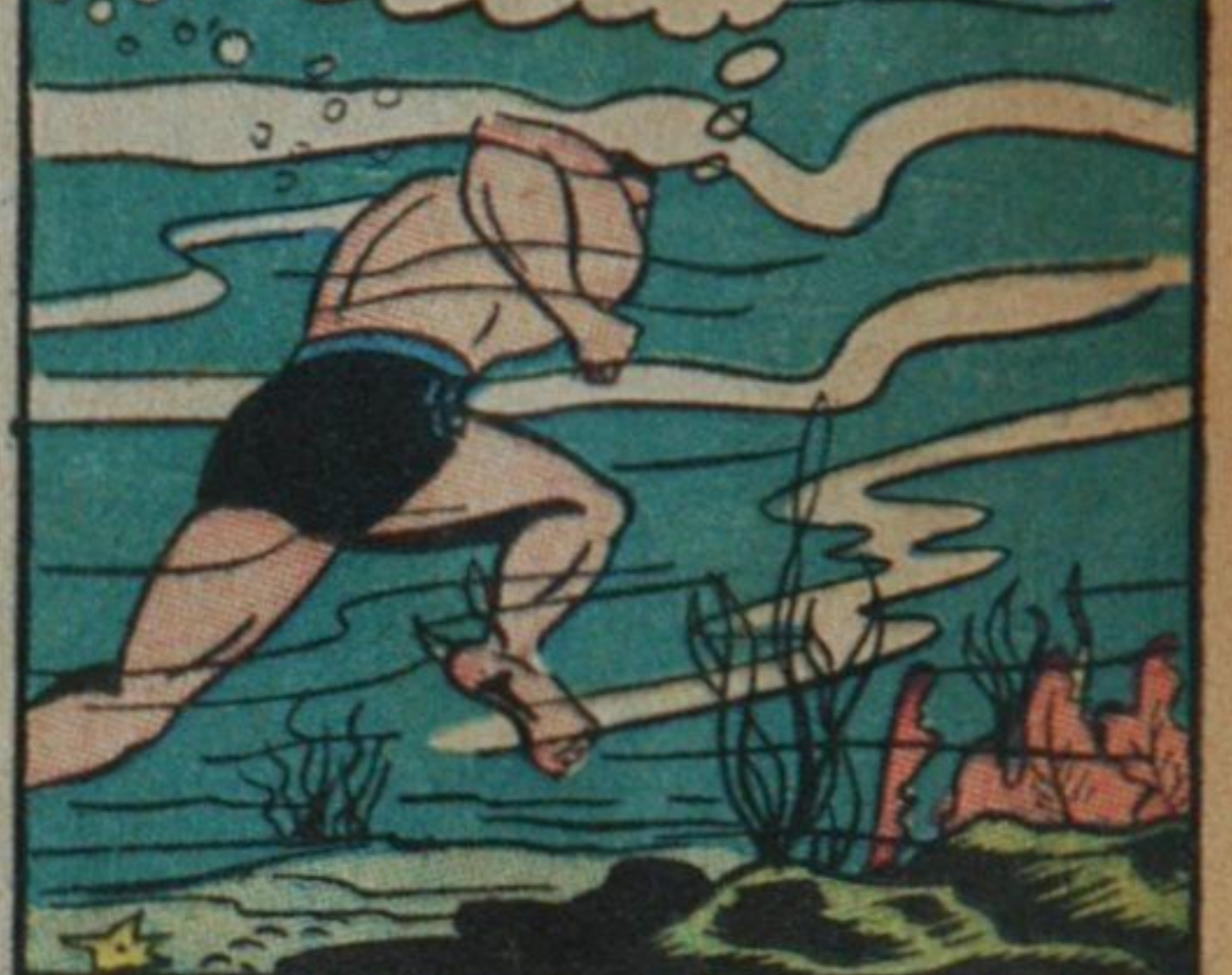
SECONDS LATER, NAMOR RACES FROM THE ROOM, TEARING THE CLOTHES FROM HIS BODY...

JUST MY MEAT! I'LL HIT THE WATER IN 15 MINUTES -- THEN WATCH OUT, MR. HITLER!!!



AS GOOD AS HIS WORD, NAMOR IS STREAKING THROUGH THE GREEN DEPTHS A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER...

SHOULDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET THERE!



ARRIVING AT THE LOCATION DENOTED BY THE STATE GUARD SPOTTERS, HE COMES TO THE SURFACE FOR A QUICK RECONNAISSANCE. ---

OH--OH! NO SIGN OF A SUB HERE -- SHE MUST HAVE GOT WIND OF WHAT WAS UP, AND LEFT! BUT I'LL FIND HER, ALL RIGHT!

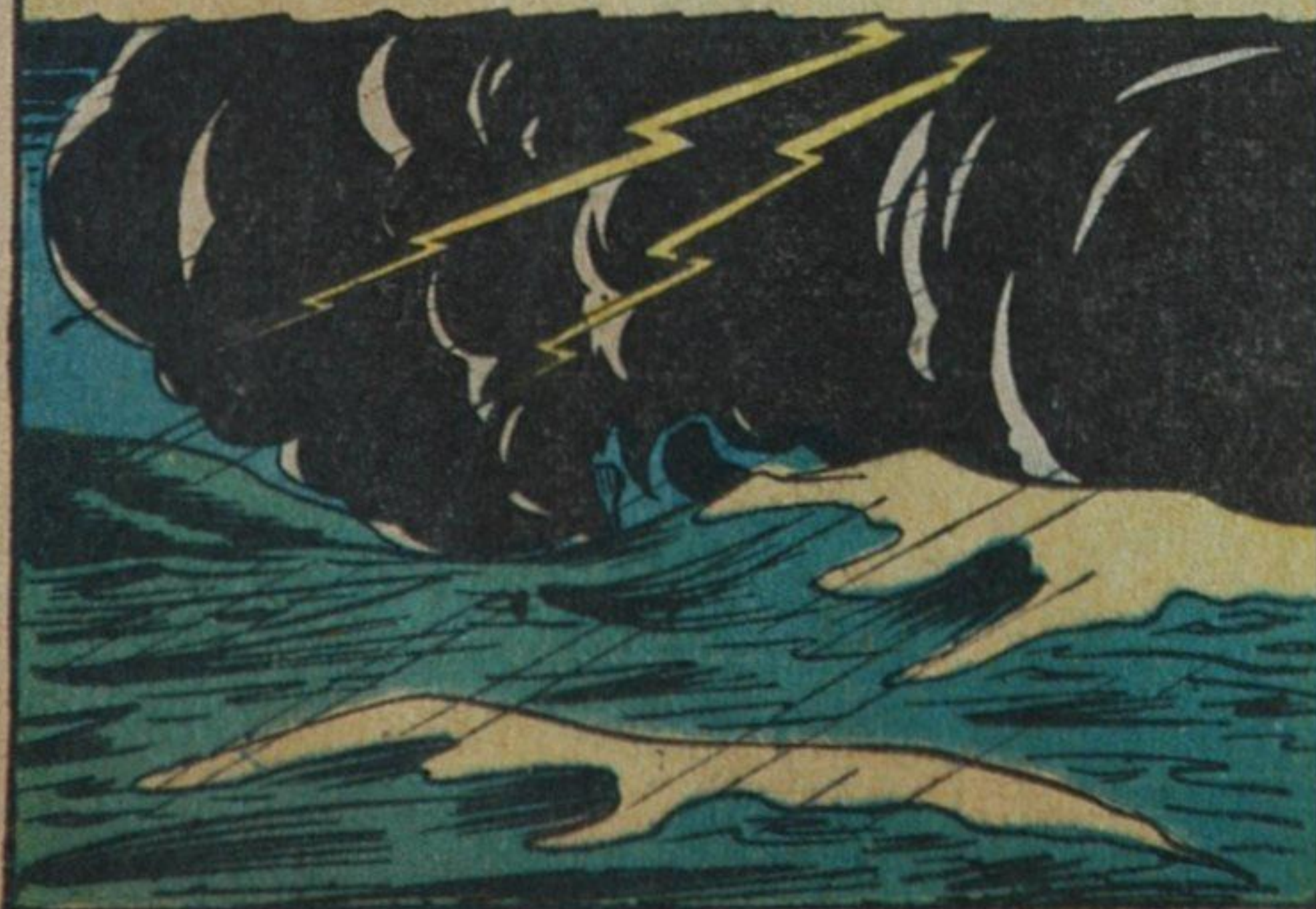


SUBMERGING AGAIN, HE SPEEDS NORTH ALONG THE COAST, AND, ONE HOUR LATER, DARTS UP ON THE TAIL OF THE ENEMY CRAFT. ---

HO! HO! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THEY DIDN'T GET AWAY FROM THE SUB-MARINER THAT EASILY? NOW FOR SOME FUN!



BUT EVEN AS THE SUB-MARINER BOASTS TO HIMSELF, A TERRIFIC STORM BLOWS UP ON THE SURFACE, BLASTING THE COASTLINE, AND BOOSTING THE OCEAN INTO A HOLOCAUST OF SALINE TURBULENCE!



CAUGHT IN THE THUNDERING CURRENT, NAMOR IS TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A FEEBLE TOOTHPICK, EVEN HIS SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH UNABLE TO COPE WITH NATURE'S WRATH.



STRUGGLING TO THE SURFACE, HE BATTLES THE WAVES, AND PLUNGES THROUGH TO THE SHORE ...

WOW!
WHAT A SEA!
HELLO! ...
LOOKS LIKE
A HOUSE
UP THERE!



GRASPING A ROCK, HE HEAVES HIMSELF UPWARD...

WELL, AT LEAST I'LL
GET SHELTER FOR
A WHILE ...
PROVIDING
SOMEBODY'S
HOME!



SUFFERIN' SHAD! IF THIS STORM GETS ANY WORSE, IT'LL BLOW THAT HOUSE RIGHT OFF ITS FOUNDATIONS! WONDER WHO LIVES THERE?



STUMBLING ONTO THE PORCH, HE LUNGES AT THE BELL, POUNDING IT VIOLENTLY ---

IT'LL BE A WONDER IF THEY CAN HEAR THIS ABOVE THE ROAR OF THIS STORM! SOUNDS LIKE THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE DOOR OPENS, CAUTIOUSLY...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST A BIT
OF SHELTER,
FRIEND! LET
ME IN OUT
OF THE
STORM!



INSIDE, HE STANDS ALONE, DRIPPING, AS THE OWNER ADVANCES FROM A SIDE ROOM ---

GREETINGS, TRAVELLER!
YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THE
TEMPEST, I SEE... WELCOME
TO OUR HUMBLE
ESTABLISHMENT! I AM
DR. FELIX SAK,
RETIRED SURGEON!



HOW DO YOU DO, SIR! MY NAME IS **NAMOR**...
I WENT SWIMMING A WHILE AGO, BUT IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE TIDE CAUGHT UP WITH ME!
SORRY TO INTRUDE ON YOU
THIS WAY!

OH, IT'S NO
BOTHER, REALLY! DELIGHTED
TO BE OF ASSISTANCE TO
YOU! COME INTO MY
STUDY AND HAVE A SPOT
OF TEA. HIGGINS--
BRING A
TOWEL!



WE DON'T OFTEN
HAVE VISITORS IN
THESE PARTS, YOU
KNOW ----- JUST A
MOMENT -- I HAVE
SOME FINE HAVANA
CIGARS HERE!

HELLO???
WHAT'S
THIS?



A MOMENT LATER, THE BUTLER STEPS INTO THE ROOM...

PARDON, SIR,
--THE TELEPHONE!



DR. SAK EXCUSES HIMSELF, AND NAMOR DASHES TO THE DESK---

HMM! SOMETHING
FISHY ABOUT
THIS!



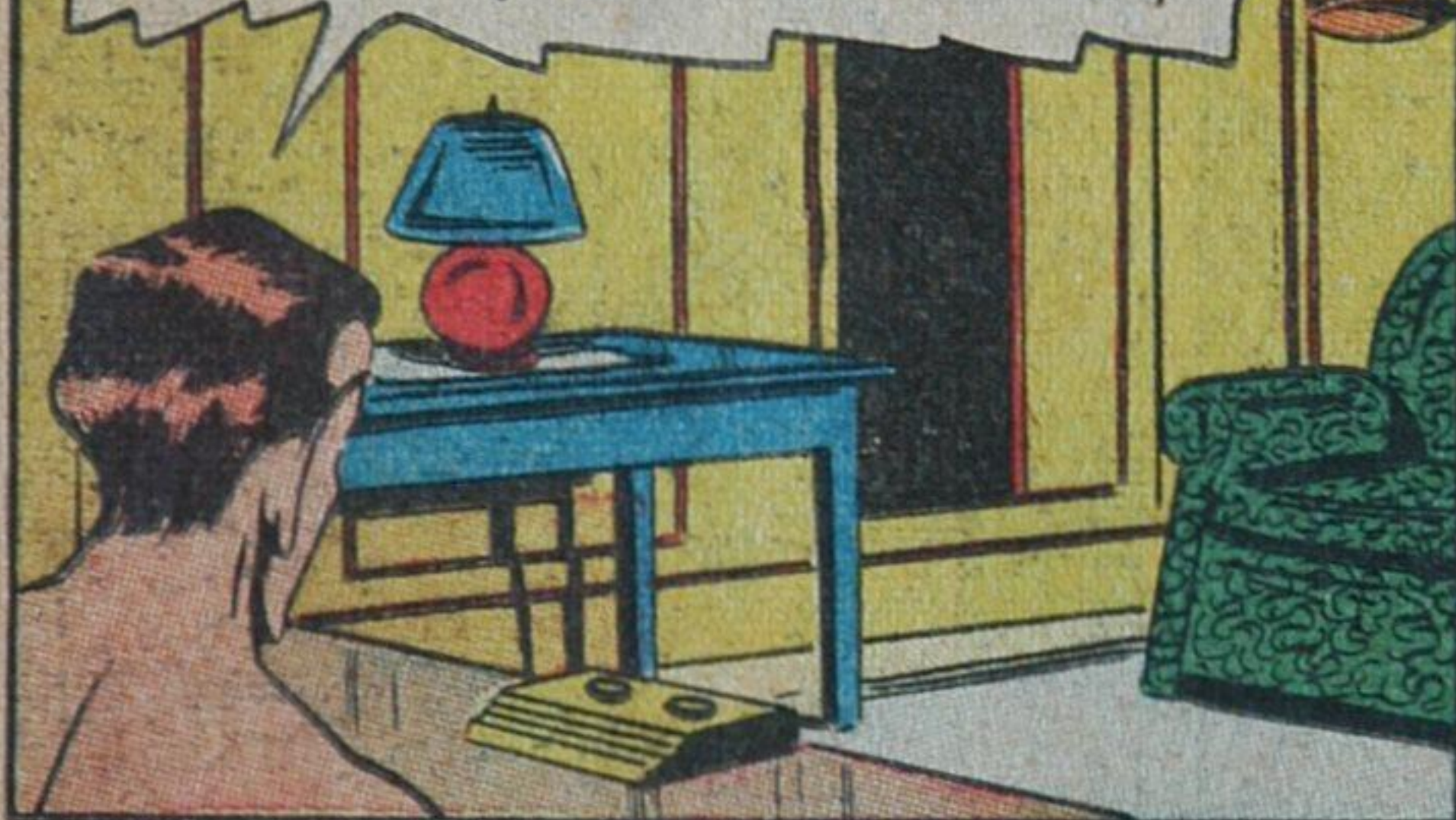
THE DOOR CLOSED, NAMOR OPENS THE DRAWER OF THE DESK---

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
AN AUTOMATIC, AND AN IRON
CROSS! HELLO! WHAT'S
THIS??? A
BUTTON UNDER
THE DESK!



AS HE PUSHES THE BUTTON, HE LOOKS UP IN TIME TO SEE A WALL-PANEL SLIDE BACK...

HEY! WHAT GOES ON???
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH!
A SECRET PANEL!



HAD AN IDEA THERE WAS
SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS
PLACE! WELL, WE'LL SEE
WHAT HAPPENS NOW!



SOFTLY, NAMOR CLOSES THE PANEL BEHIND HIM AND DESCENDS INTO A DEEP, DARK PASSAGE...

THIS MAY EXPLAIN WHY A
RETIRED DOCTOR WOULD LIVE
ON SUCH A GOD-FORSAKEN
PROJECTORY ---

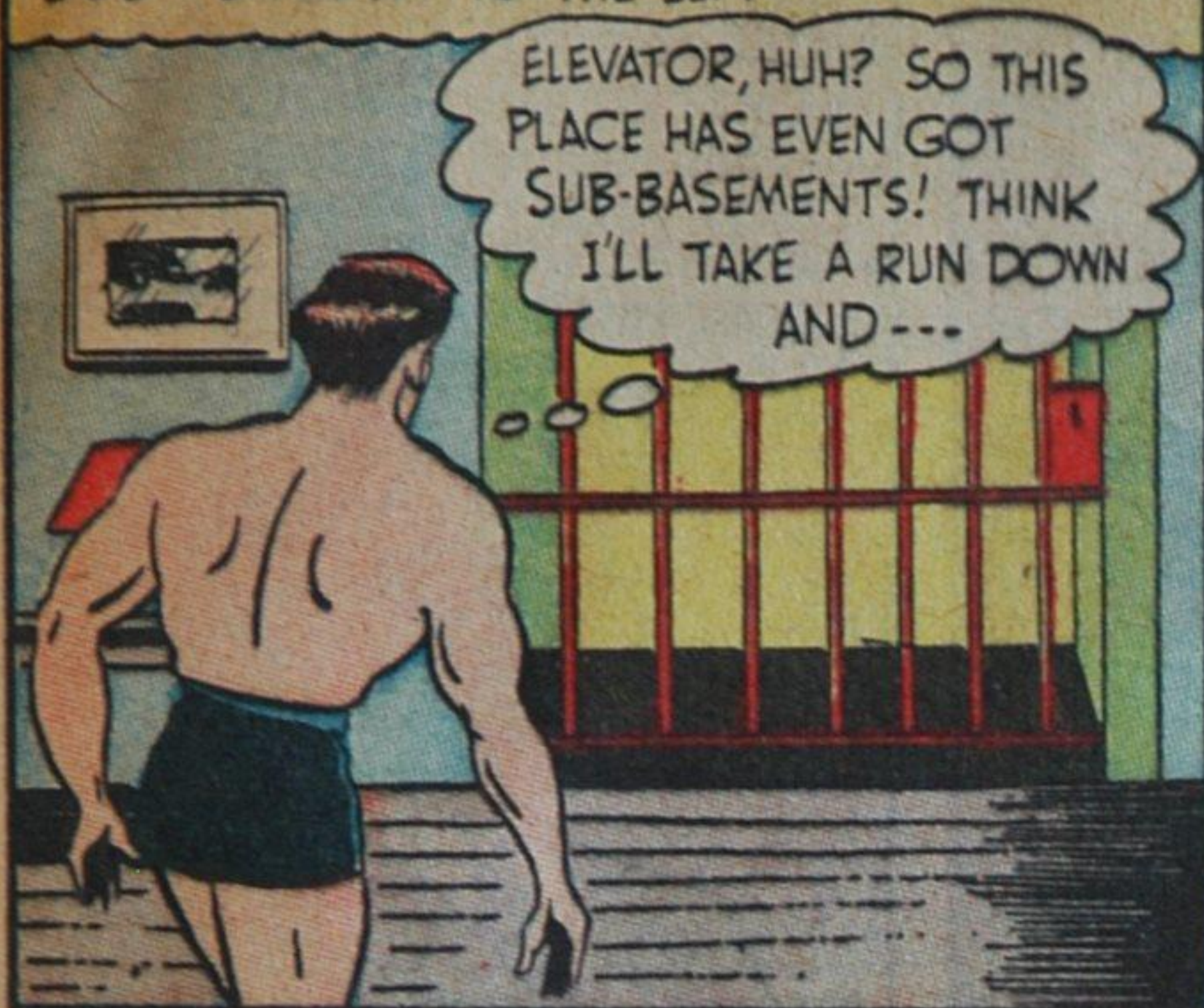


AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, HE STEPS THROUGH A STEEL DOOR ---

MMM---HMM! THIS GETS THE
MORE MYSTERIOUS AS IT
GOES ALONG!



A QUICK SURVEY OF THE ROOM SHOWS HIM AN ELEVATOR SHAFT IN THE OPPOSITE WALL, AND A DOOR DIRECTLY TO THE LEFT ---



BUT EVEN AS HE STEPS TO THE GRILLED ENTRANCE, THE OTHER DOOR OPENS ---



... AND OUT STEPS DR. SAK WITH TWO HERCULEAN BODYGUARDS!---



THE GUARDS LEAP ON NAMOR, SEIZING HIM IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP ---



UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I RECOGNIZED YOU THE MOMENT YOU STEPPED THROUGH MY DOOR! **PRINCE NAMOR!** AND SINCE YOU ARE SO INQUISITIVE, I FIND MYSELF FORCED TO DETAIN YOU UNDER CONSTRAINT, AS IT WOULD SEEM!



BUT AS YOU APPARENTLY CAME HERE TO SPY ON ME, YOU MAY AS WELL SEE EVERYTHING I HAVE TO OFFER, BEFORE YOU KISS GOODBYE TO THIS GOOD OLD WORLD! PUT HIM IN THE ELEVATOR, HANS AND GOTTFRIED!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, THE LITTLE DOCTOR SWAGGERS OUT OF THE STEEL CAR...

FIRST YOU SHALL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING THE NINTH WONDER OF THE WORLD -- MY OWN INVENTION!



THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGE, THE LITTLE GROUP SUDDENLY STEPS OUT ON A LEDGE SURROUNDING A WATER-FILLED CAVERN!

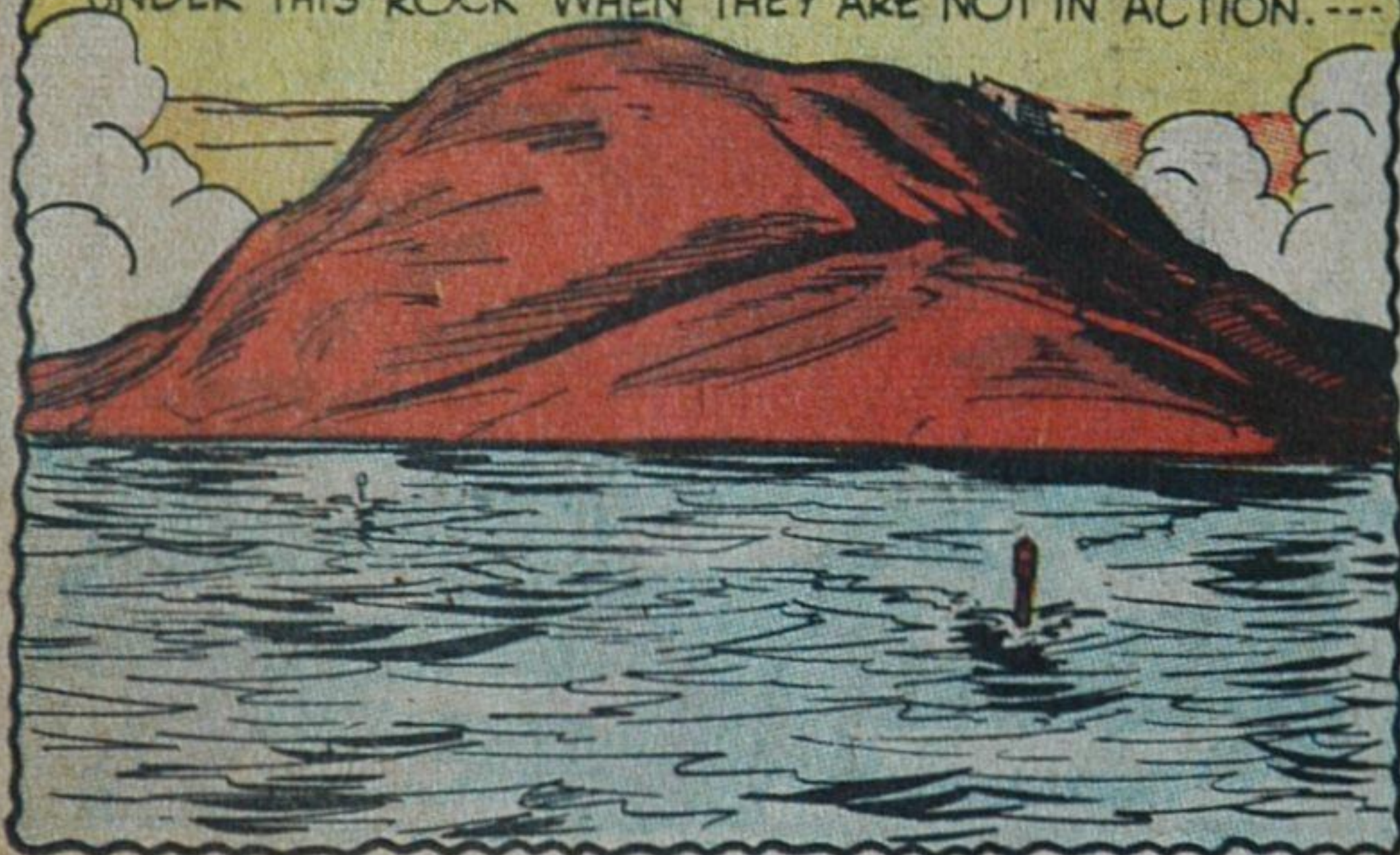
WOW! HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH!
SO **THIS** IS YOUR MIRACULOUS INVENTION! WHAT A SET-UP!

YOU LIKE IT, SUB-MARINER?
GOOD! I KNEW YOU WOULD APPROVE!

IT REALLY IS AN ENGINEERING MASTERPIECE! -- TOOK ME TWO YEARS TO DESIGN IT, AND TWO MORE TO BUILD IT -- BUT IT WAS WORTH ALL THE TIME AND EFFORT. -- THIS WAY, WE CAN RAID THE COAST AS OFTEN AS WE LIKE, AND STILL NOT BE DISCOVERED!



"--- YOU SEE, THE REICH HAS SENT MEN TO THE U.S. TO STUDY, THEN BROUGHT THEM BACK TO GERMANY TO LEARN THE ART OF SABOTAGE AND INTERNAL WARFARE. LATER, THEY WERE RETURNED TO THE U.S. WITH THESE SUBMARINES AND SENT HERE TO ME! THE SUBS REMAIN IN SECLUSION UNDER THIS ROCK WHEN THEY ARE NOT IN ACTION. ---"



"--- THEY ENTER AND LEAVE VIA A TUNNEL IN THE ROCK SOME FORTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE --- THE NAVY IS NOT SMART ENOUGH TO UNCOVER SUCH A CLEVER MANEUVER! DO YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING PROUD OF MY BRAIN-CHILD?"



BLAME YOU? WHY, YOU DIRTY, NO GOOD, LOUSY LITTLE DRIP! BACK-STAB THE U.S. FLEET, WILL YOU???



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, ONE OF THE GUARDS TUGS AT HIS REVOLVER, AND SENDS A BULLET SCREAMING TOWARD THE SUB-MARINER ---



--- BUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR PLUNGES TO THE FLOOR, DODGING THE DEADLY MISSILE!



LEAPING TO HIS FEET AGAIN, HE RIPS INTO THE TWO GUARDS, SLASHING WITH RIGHTS AND LEFTS!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF NAMOR'S DISTRACTED ATTENTION, DR. SAK RACES FOR THE ELEVATOR -----



HEARING THE CLANG OF THE STEEL GATE, NAMOR WHEELS AROUND -----



... AND HURLS HIMSELF VIOLENTLY AT THE ELEVATOR---



FURIOUS, HE RIPS THE STEEL BARS APART---



LEAPING HIGH, HE SEIZES THE ELEVATOR CABLES BELOW THE ASCENDING CAR, AND HAULS HIMSELF RAPIDLY UPWARD!



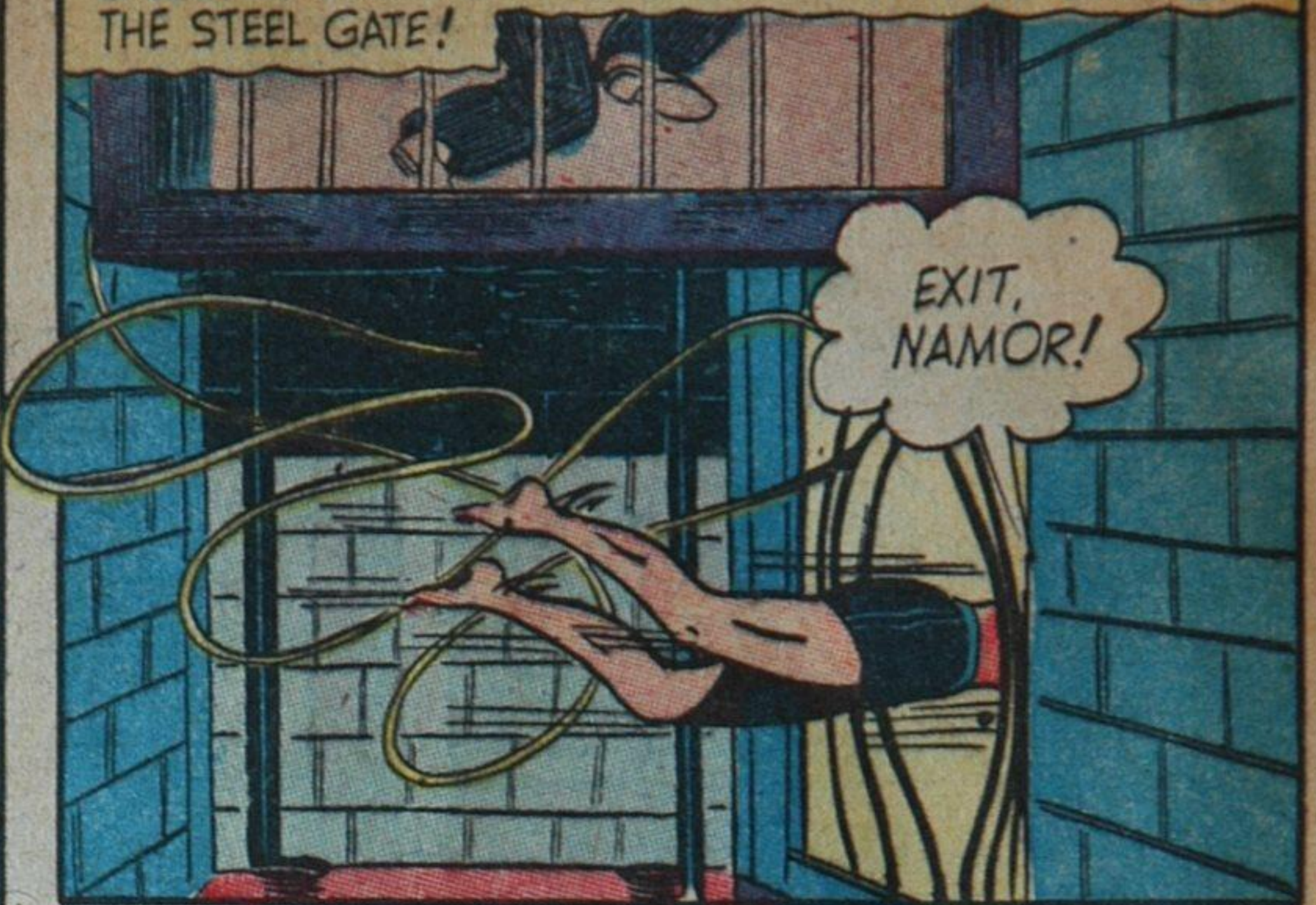
BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL OF THE SHAFT, HE PULLS DOWN ON THE CABLES, STOPPING THE CAR'S MOTION ---



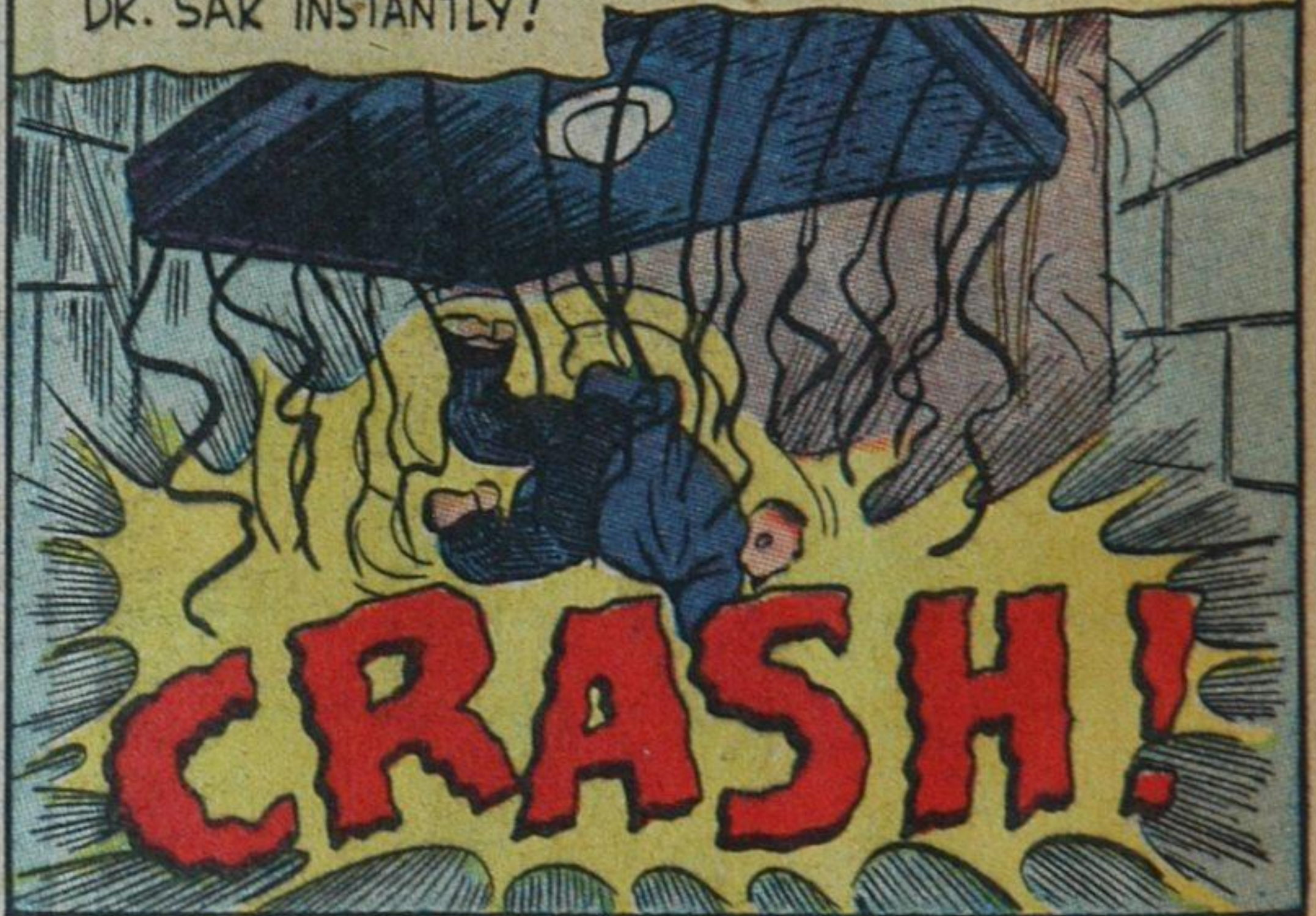
NAMOR'S TERRIFIC STRENGTH, PULLING DOWN ON THE ELEVATOR, SNAPS THE SUSPENDING CABLES, AND THE CAR PLUNGES DOWN THE SHAFT, THE SUB-MARINER UNDER IT!



BUT AS IT NEARS THE BOTTOM, ROCKETING AT LIGHTNING SPEED, HE DARTS OUT THROUGH THE TWISTED BARS OF THE STEEL GATE!



JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE TERRIFIC CRASH AS THE CAR SHATTERS THE BASE OF THE WELL, KILLING DR. SAK INSTANTLY!

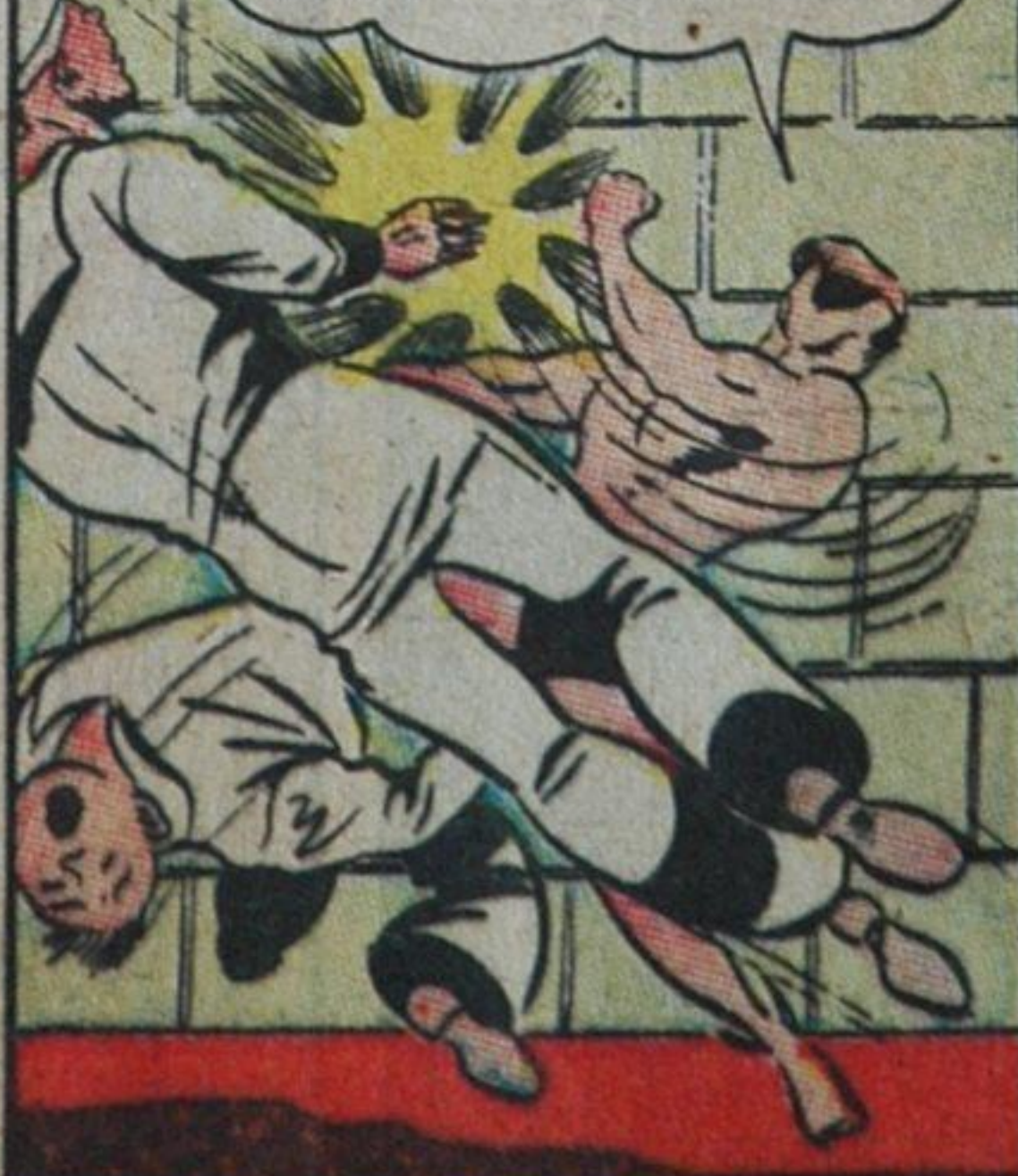


NOT STOPPING TO SURVEY THE DAMAGE, NAMOR SPEEDS TOWARD THE WATER, PURSUED BY TWO NAZI SEAMEN!



HE WHEELS ON THEM, LASHING OUT WITH DEADLY BLOWS!

OKAY, BABY! YOU ASKED FOR IT -- HERE IT IS!



THEN, LEAVING THEM UNCONSCIOUS, HE LEAPS TOWARD THE WATER AGAIN!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! TIME I CLEANED UP THIS MESS FOR GOOD!



HE DIVES CLEANLY THROUGH
THE SURFACE ...

THIS IS A
JOB FOR---



... AND RACES OUT THROUGH
THE SUBMERGED TUNNEL ...

---THE NAVY--NOT ME!
BOY! WILL THEY GET A
SHOCK WHEN THEY HEAR
ABOUT THIS SET-UP!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, HE ARRIVES
AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD ...

THEY HAVE TO ACT FAST, OR
THOSE DIRTY JERRIES'LL
GET AWAY CLEAN!



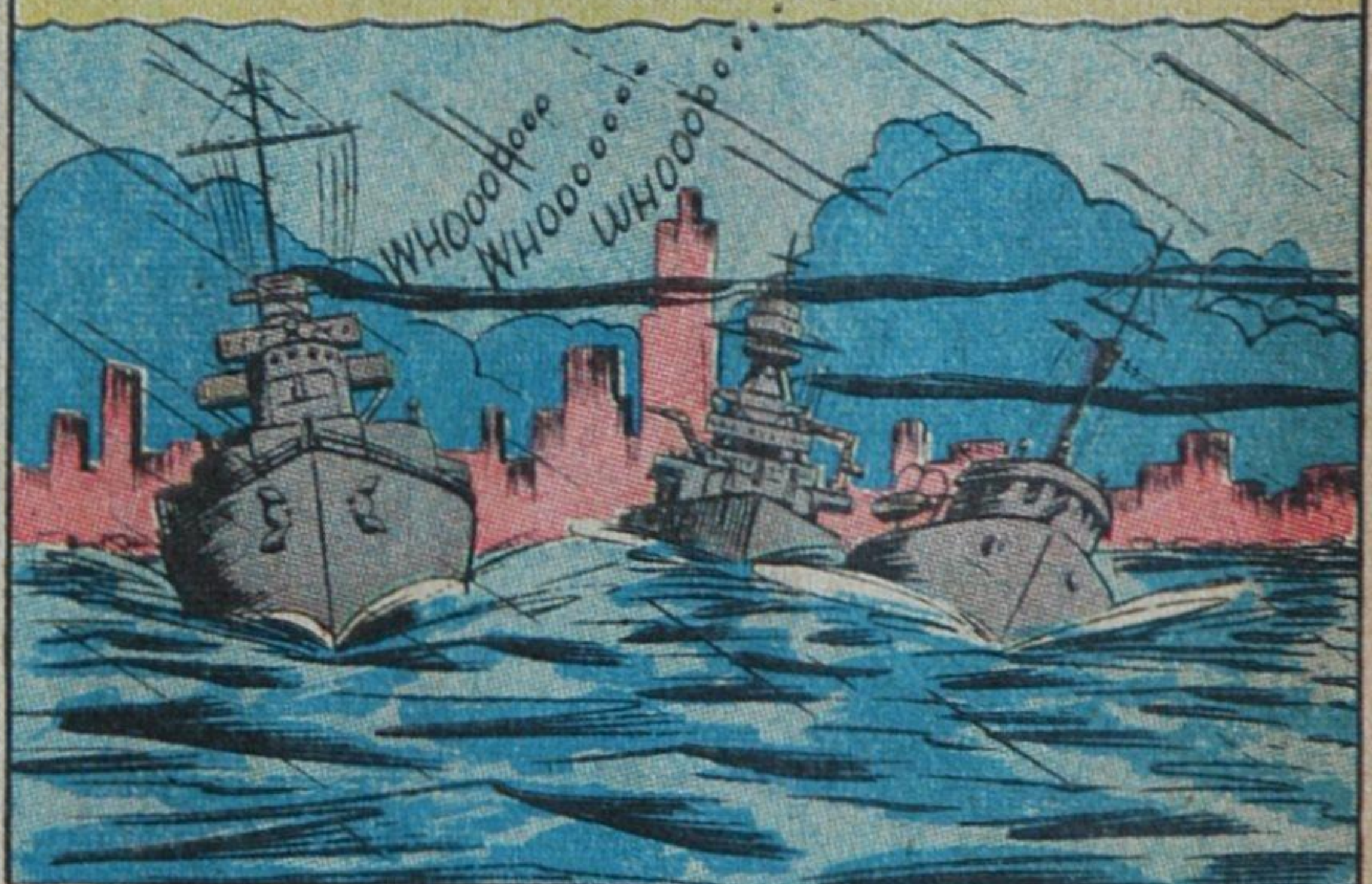
HE GIVES HIS STARTLING NEWS TO THE
FIRST OFFICERS HE MEETS ...

THAT'S NO HOKUM, SIR! YOU'D BETTER BLAST
THAT ROCK TO INFINITY, OR YOU'LL HAVE
PLENTY MORE TROUBLE!

GOOD LORD!



WORD IS RELAYED TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY, AND WITH
NO DELAY THE DESTROYERS AND SUB-CHASERS ARE
DISPATCHED TO MONTAUK POINT!!!!



WHERE, IN A FEW SHORT MINUTES,
THEY POUND THE GREAT HOLLOW
ROCK INTO TINY FRAGMENTS!



NAMOR IS AGAIN CITED FOR HIS
VALIANT SERVICE TO THE
UNITED STATES!

NOTHING AT ALL, SIR! I'M ALWAYS GLAD
TO GIVE UNCLE SAM A HELPING HAND!
HE'S NOT SUCH A
BAD OLD SKATE
AT THAT, YOU
KNOW!



BECAUSE
SUB-MARINER

IS ONLY
A "CITIZEN OF THE
SEA"-- HE CANNOT,
JOIN THE U. S. NAVY,
AS HE'D LIKE TO!

BUT...
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
HE CAN'T ALWAYS HELP
UNCLE SAM!

SEE
SUB-MARINER
IN ACTION ON MANY
FRONTS... IN THE NEW
MARVEL Comics
AND ALL COMING ISSUES OF
ALL WINNERS!

WE DON'T
WISH YOU
ANY HARM

But

**YOU'LL
DIE**

LAUGHING!



AT THE SIDE SPLITTING
GAGS IN AMERICA'S BIG-
GEST AND FUNNIEST COMIC
MAGAZINE!

CHUCK FULL OF MORE
LAUGH PANELS THAN
ANY OTHER MAGAZINE!

648 PANELS OF
FUN!

COUNT THEM
yourself!

GET YOUR

JOKER

COMICS

NOW!



FOR HOURS, HEINRICH BUNGLER
SCHEMES.... THEN....

DOT ISS MY PLAN!
DIS TIME VE TRAP
DER DESTROYER,
UNDERSTAND?

VE
PROCEED
AT VUNCE!
HEIL
HITLER!

FLORA'S LATE
AND I'M HUNGRY
AS A HORSE...
WAIT...THOSE
MEN...WHISP-
ERING....

BUNGLER VILL
BEHEAD PASTOR
MULLER TO-DAY!

SHHHH...
THERE ARE
GESTAPO
AGENTS
EVERYWHERE!

DER DESTROYER!
VOULD RESCUE PASTOR
MULLER! BUT WHERE
ISS HE? WHO ISS HE?
NO VON KNOWS...

BECAUSE HE SAYS
ADOLPH IS NOT GREAT...
BUT A BLOOD-
THIRSTY MADMAN!

VE MUST REACH
HIM!

KEEN LEAVES, AFTER LEAVING A NOTE
FOR FLORA....

PASTOR
MULLER!
THIS'S
HOT!

SO BUNGLER THE
BUTCHER'S GOING TO BE-
HEAD PASTOR MULLER.
WE'LL SEE! THE
DESTROYER WILL
SEE!

KEEN MARLOWE
BECOMES THE
PROUD AVENGER
OF JUSTICE,
THE MIGHTY
DESTROYER!

A NOTE!

READ
IT
QUICK!

FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT, EERIE
LAUGHTER....

GOTT IN HIMMEL!
DER DESTROYER
HAS HEARD OUR
PLEA!

SO
SOON!

THAT
LAUGH!

NOW FOR BUNGLER,
THE GESTAPO
BUTCHER!

PASTOR MULLER
WILL NOT BE
BEHEADED

The Destroyer

THE DESTROYER RACES FOR THE GESTAPO PRISON...

THE WALL IS
KIND OF HIGH!
HERE I COME,
BUNGLER!

THE DESTROYER LEAPS, AND....

OW! SHARP GLASS!
I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN!

OH! MY FINGERS.
CUT TO RIBBONS!
I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY!

THE DESTROYER!
GET HIM!

THE MIGHTY DESTROYER FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED!

HE CAN'T
GET AWAY!

NOW I'M
IN FOR IT!

CUT FINGERS
OR NOT." COME
ON, YOU GOOSE-
STEPPERS!

DEAD OR
ALIFE!
CAPTURE
HIM!

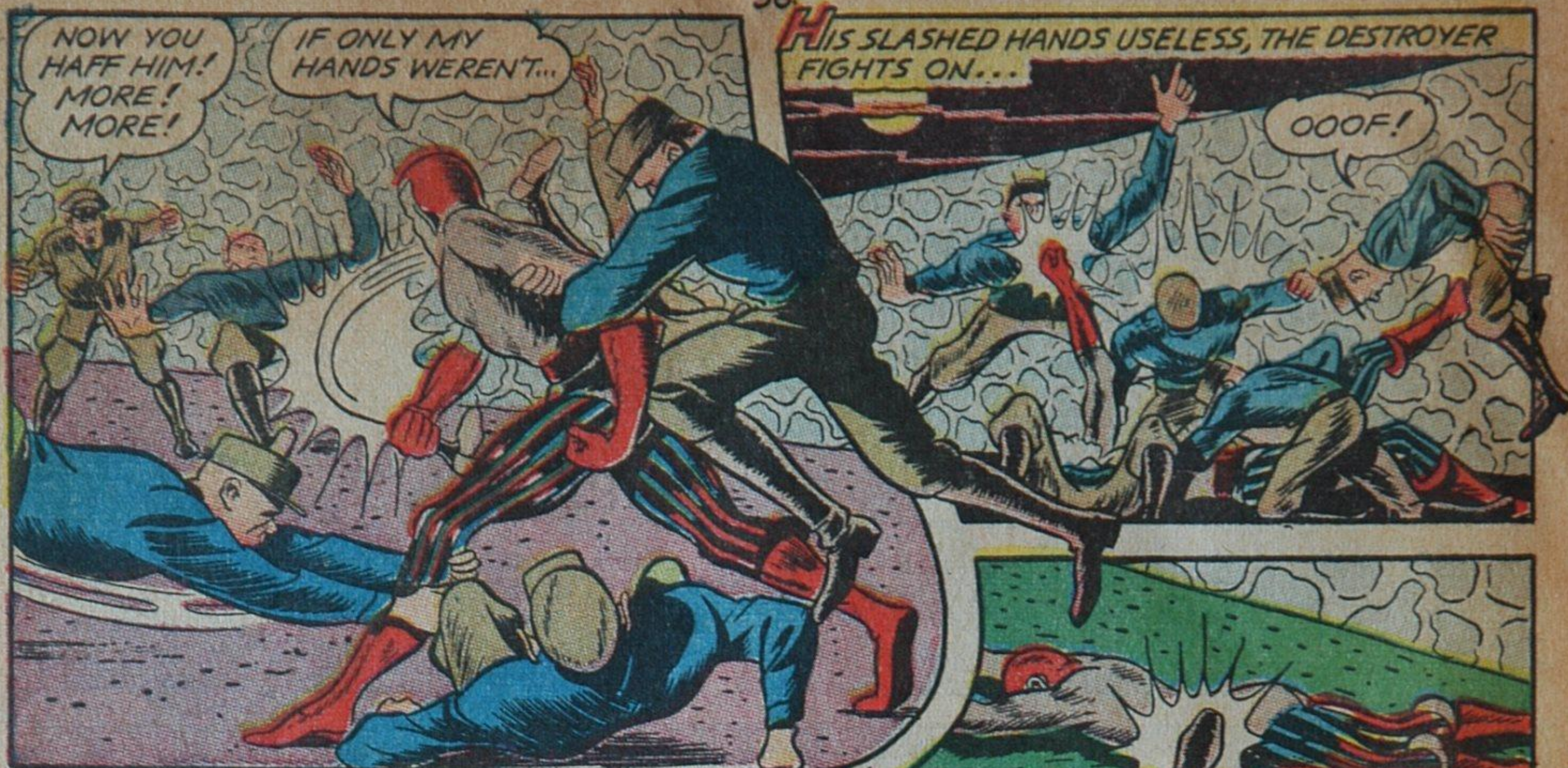
THEN

FOOLED YOU, EH?
HOW DOES MY BLOOD
TASTE?

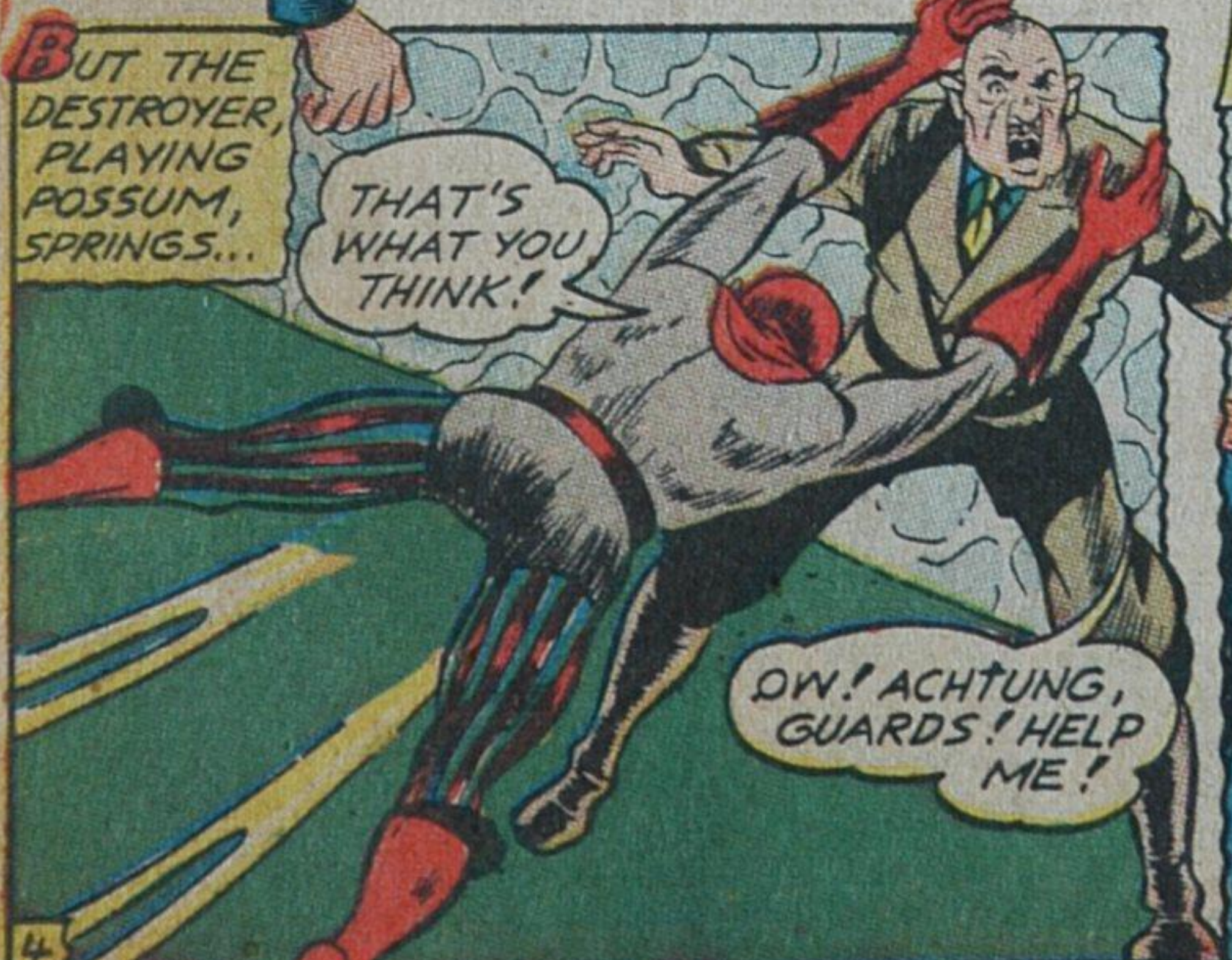
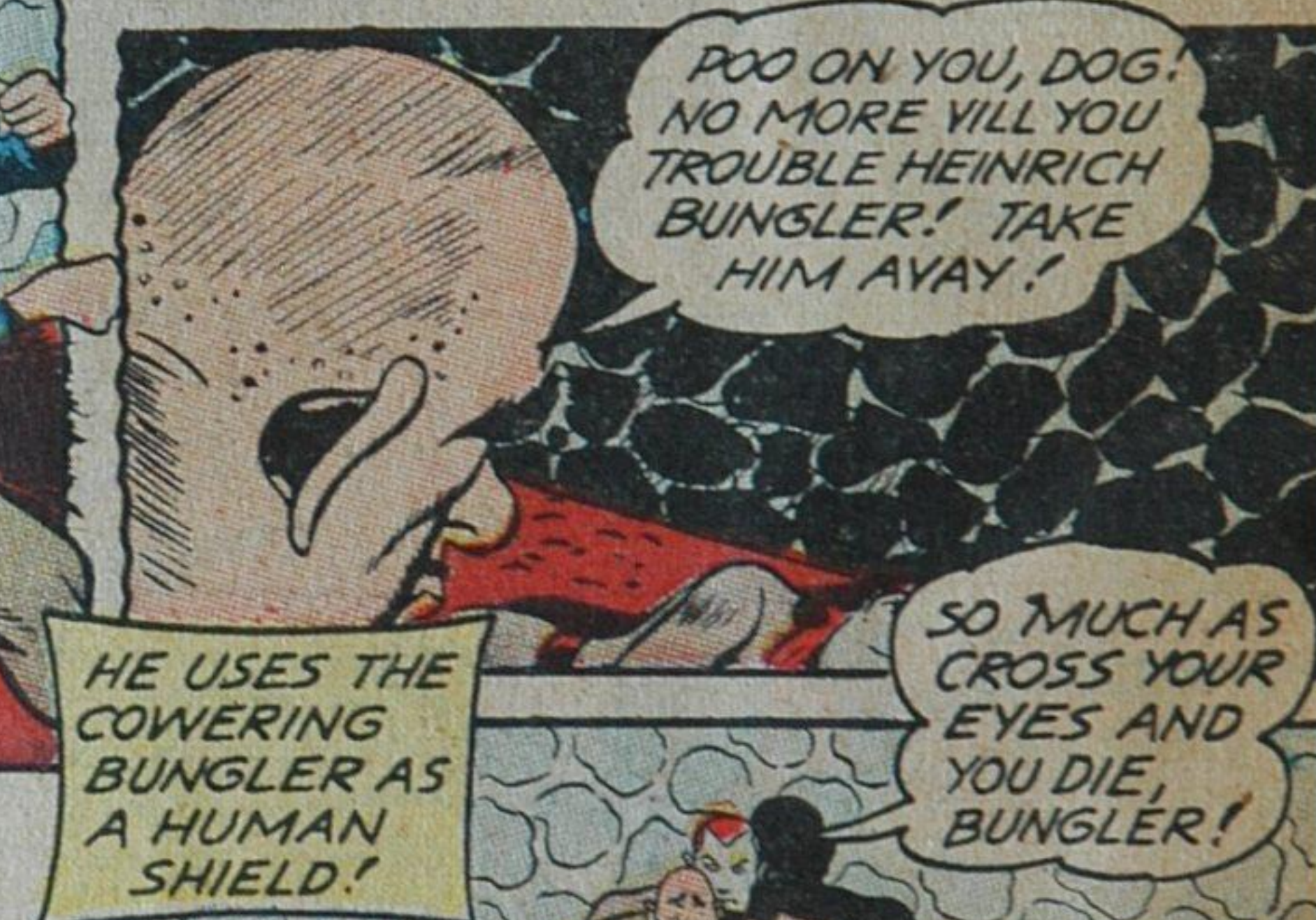
UGH!
HE IS BLEEDING!

OOOON!

DESTROY DER
DESTROYER!
SHOW HIM NO
QUARTER!

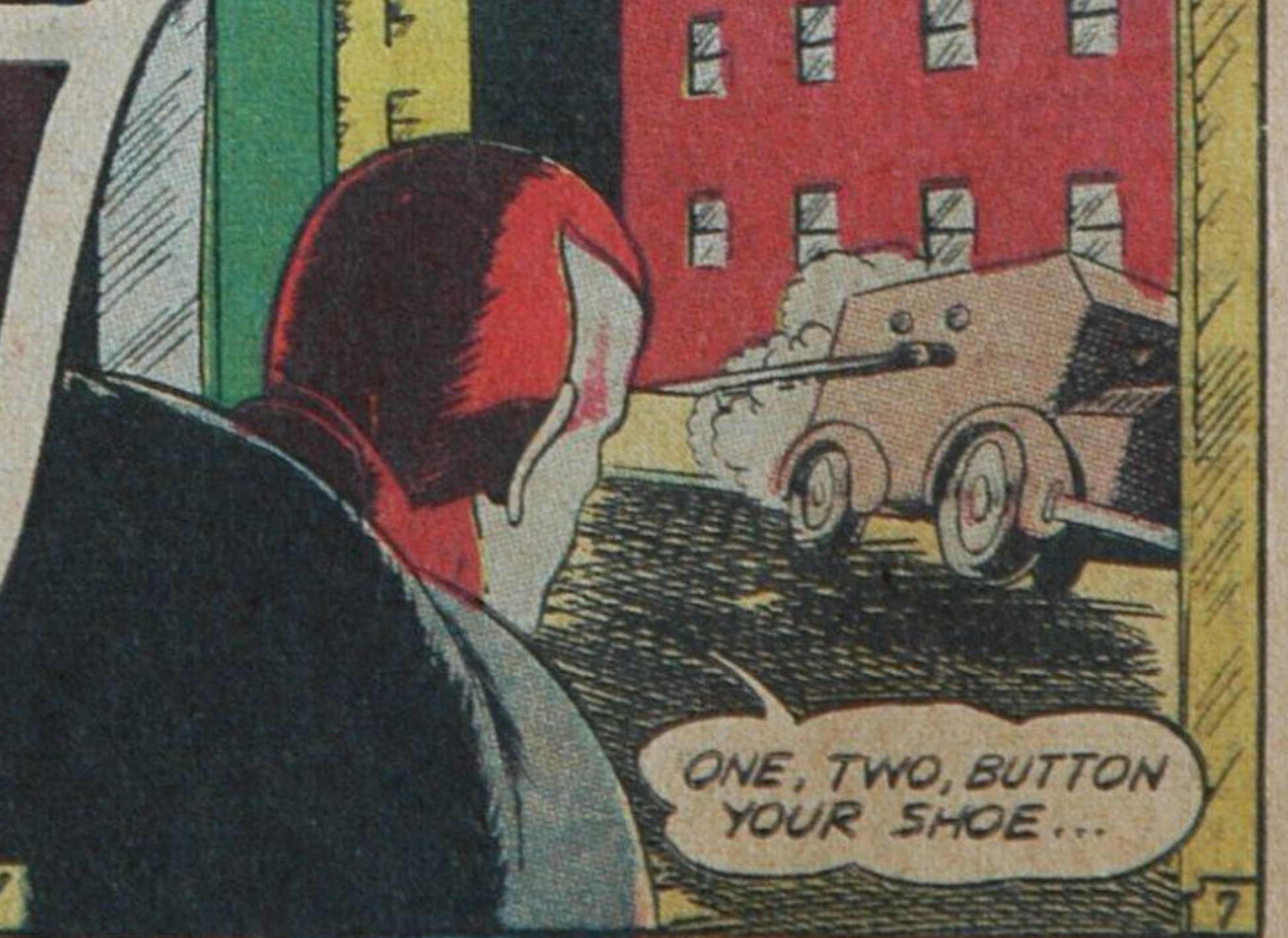
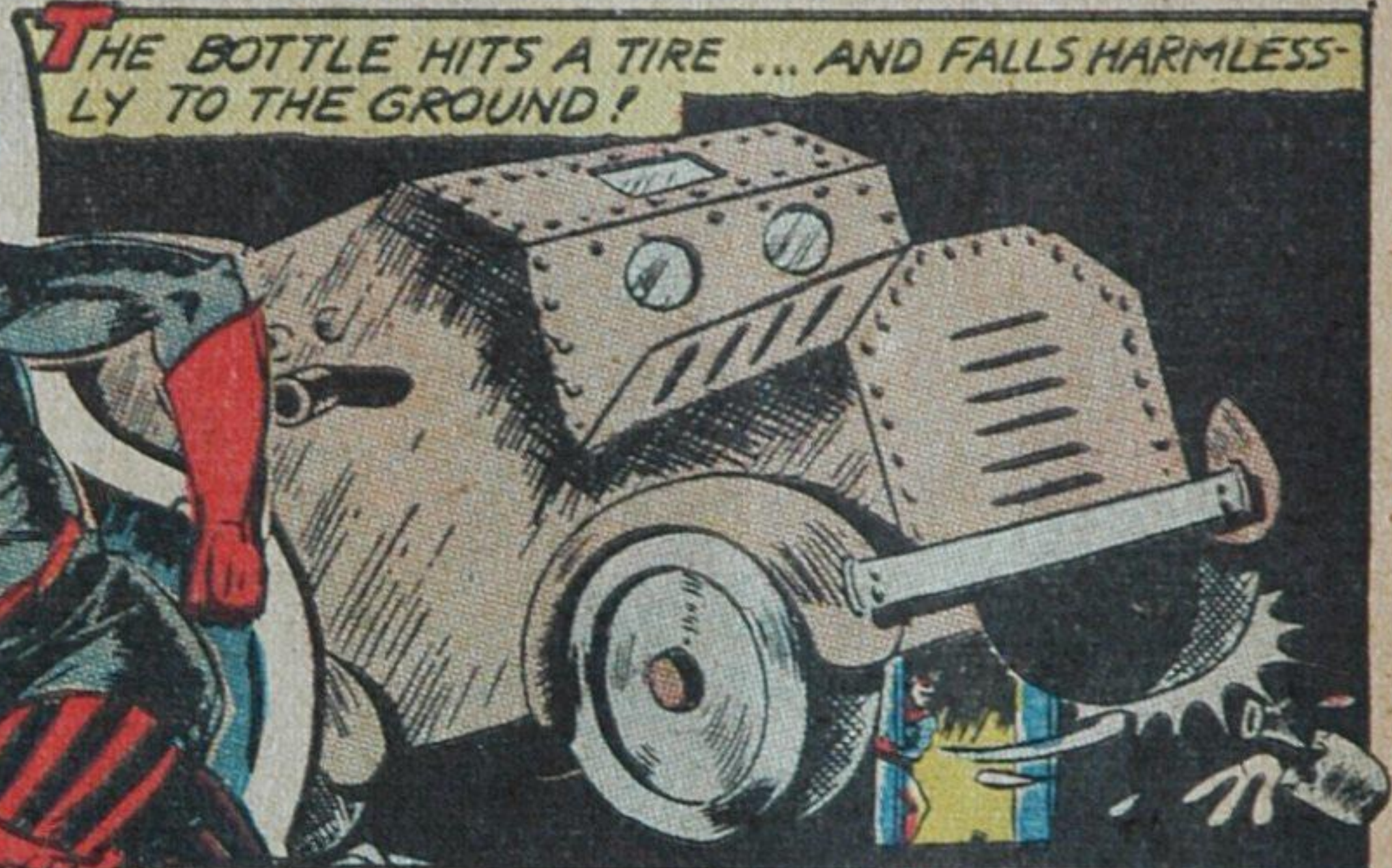
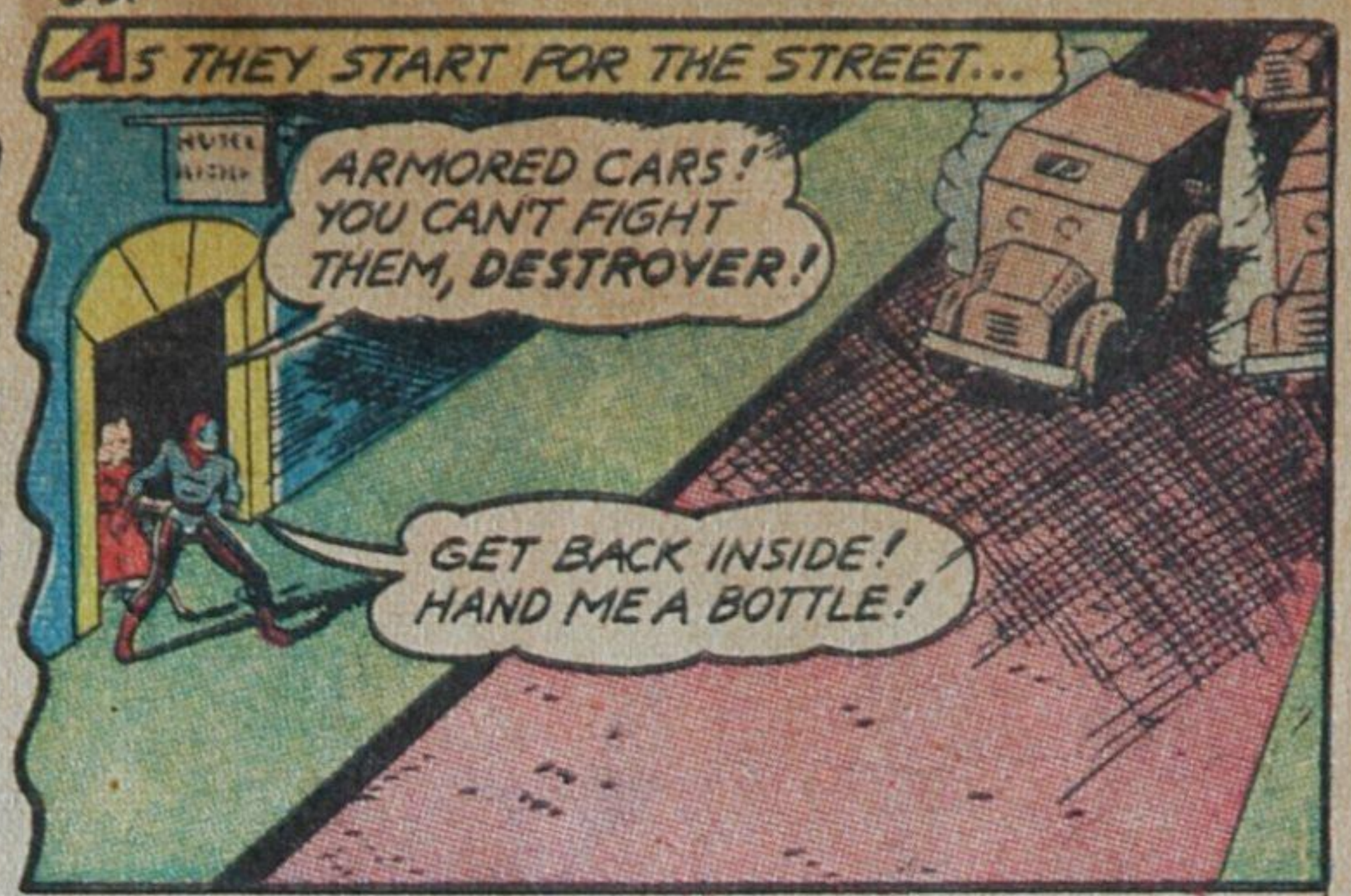


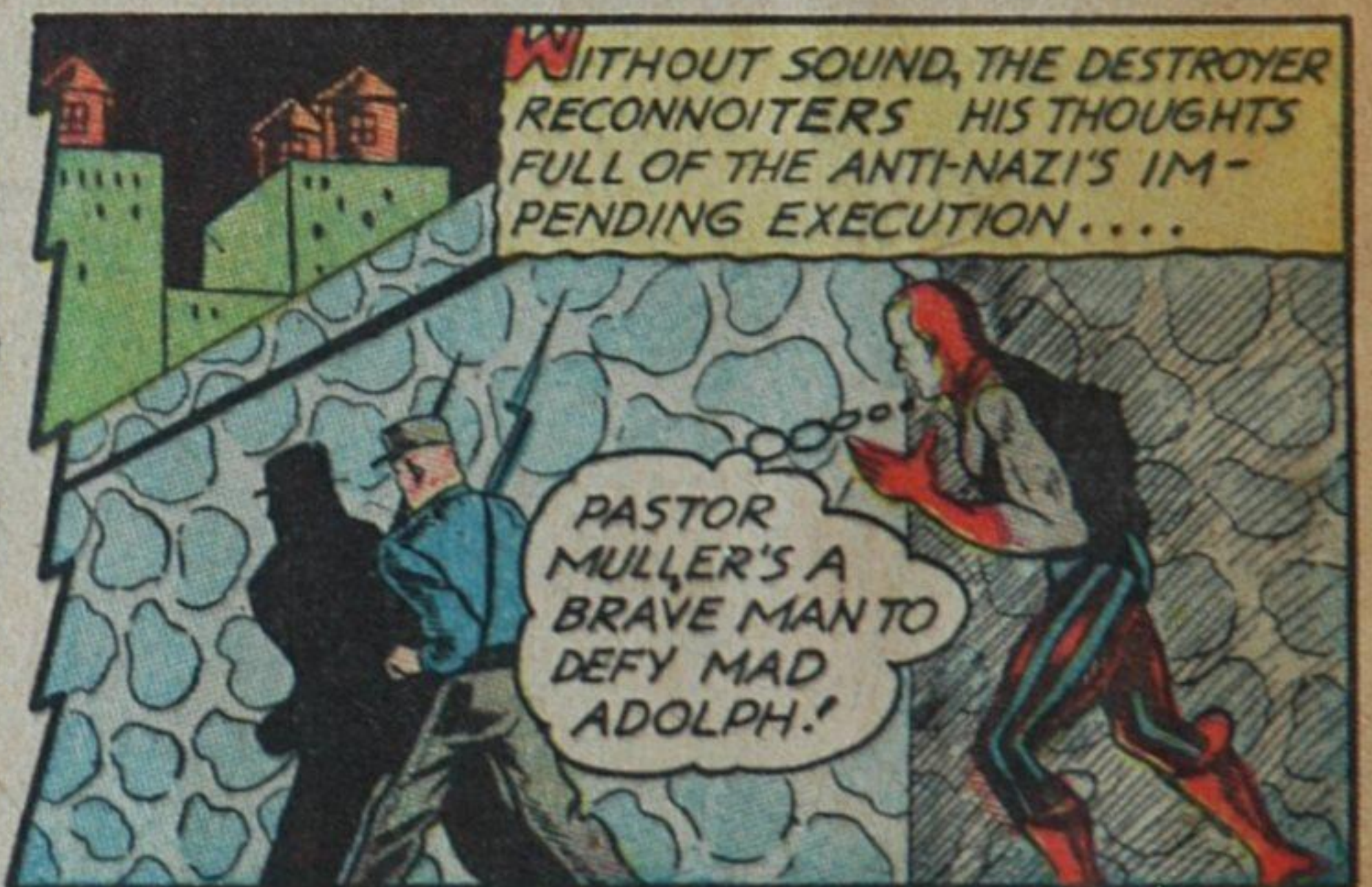
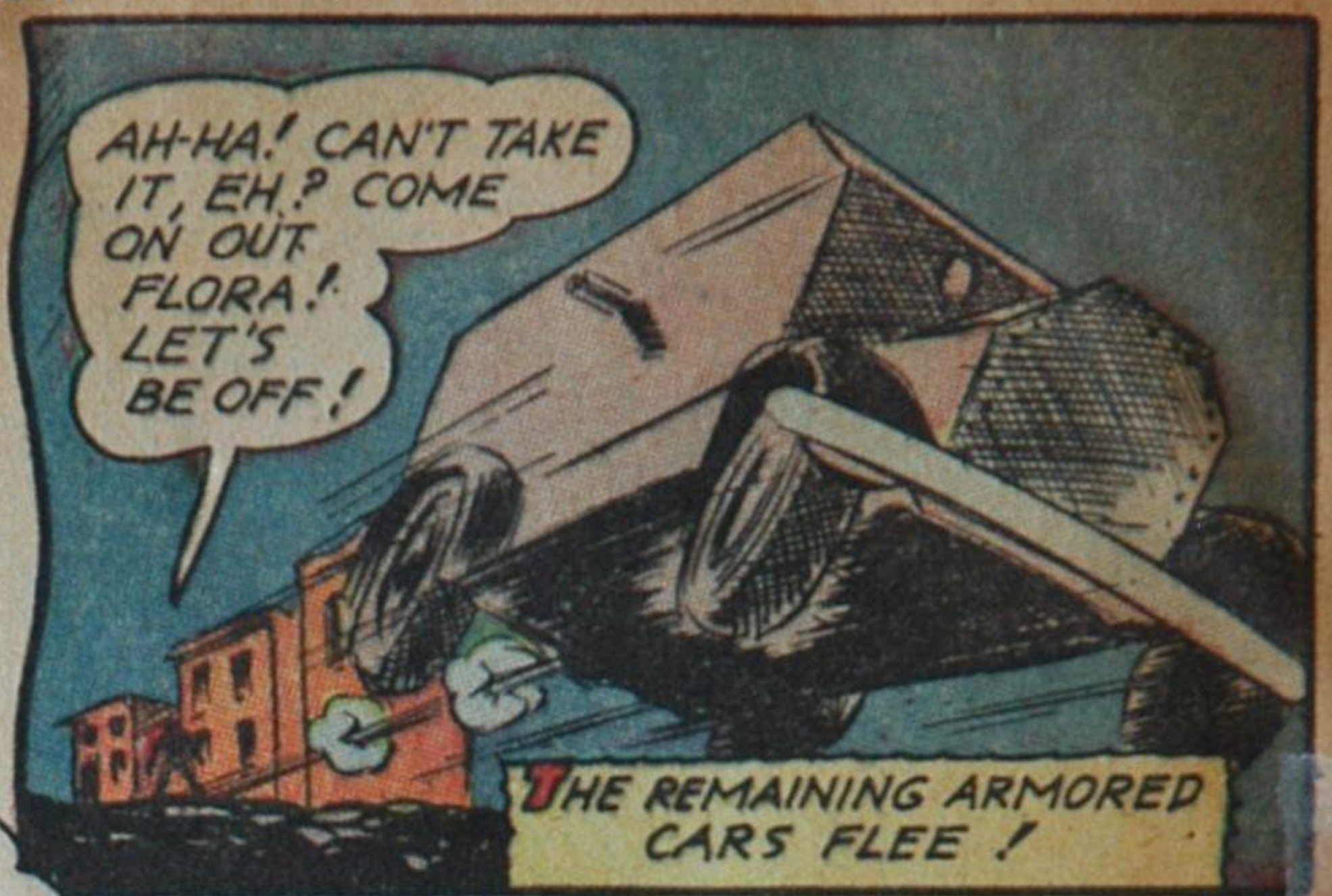
HIS SLASHED HANDS USELESS, THE DESTROYER FIGHTS ON...

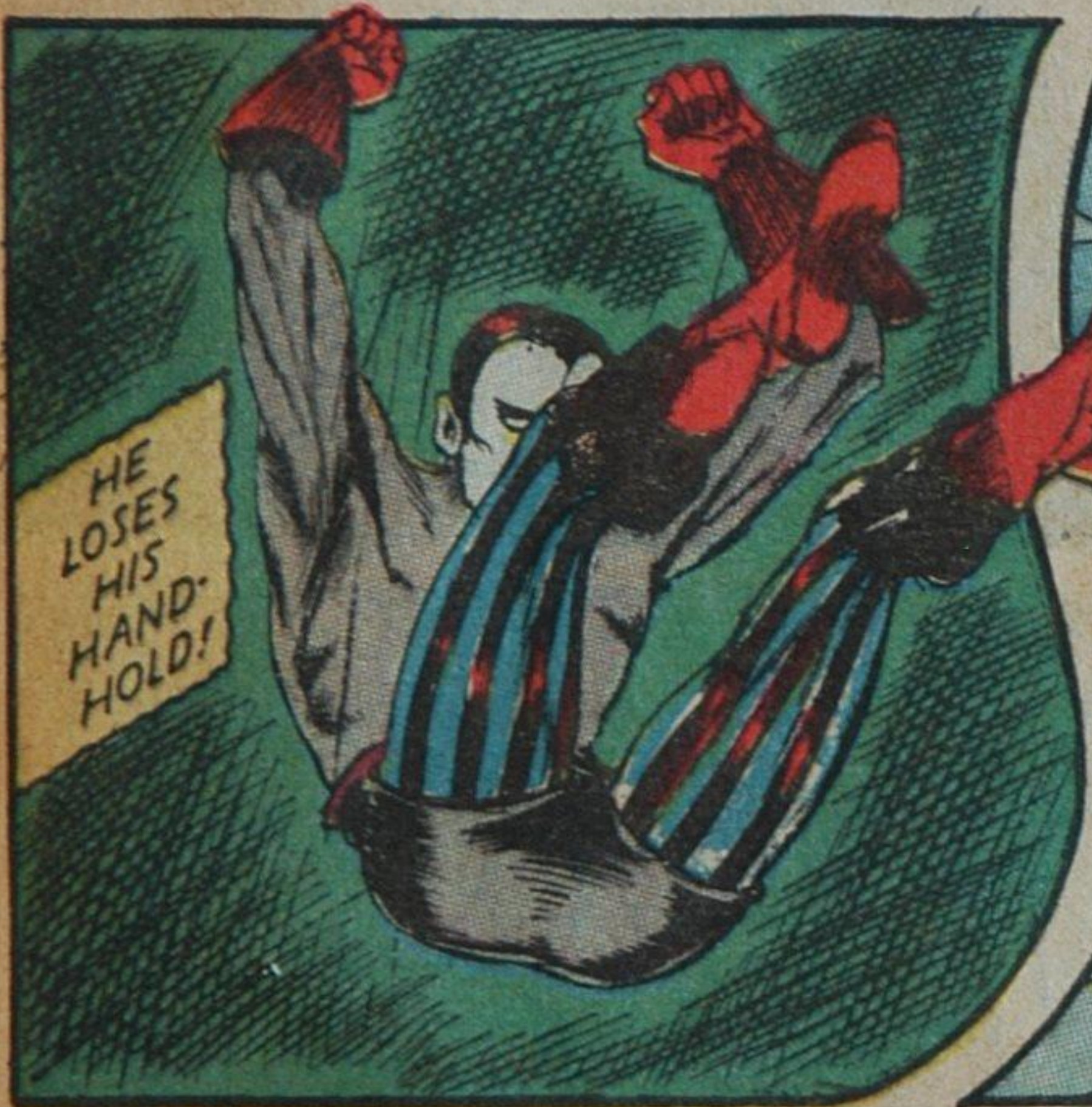


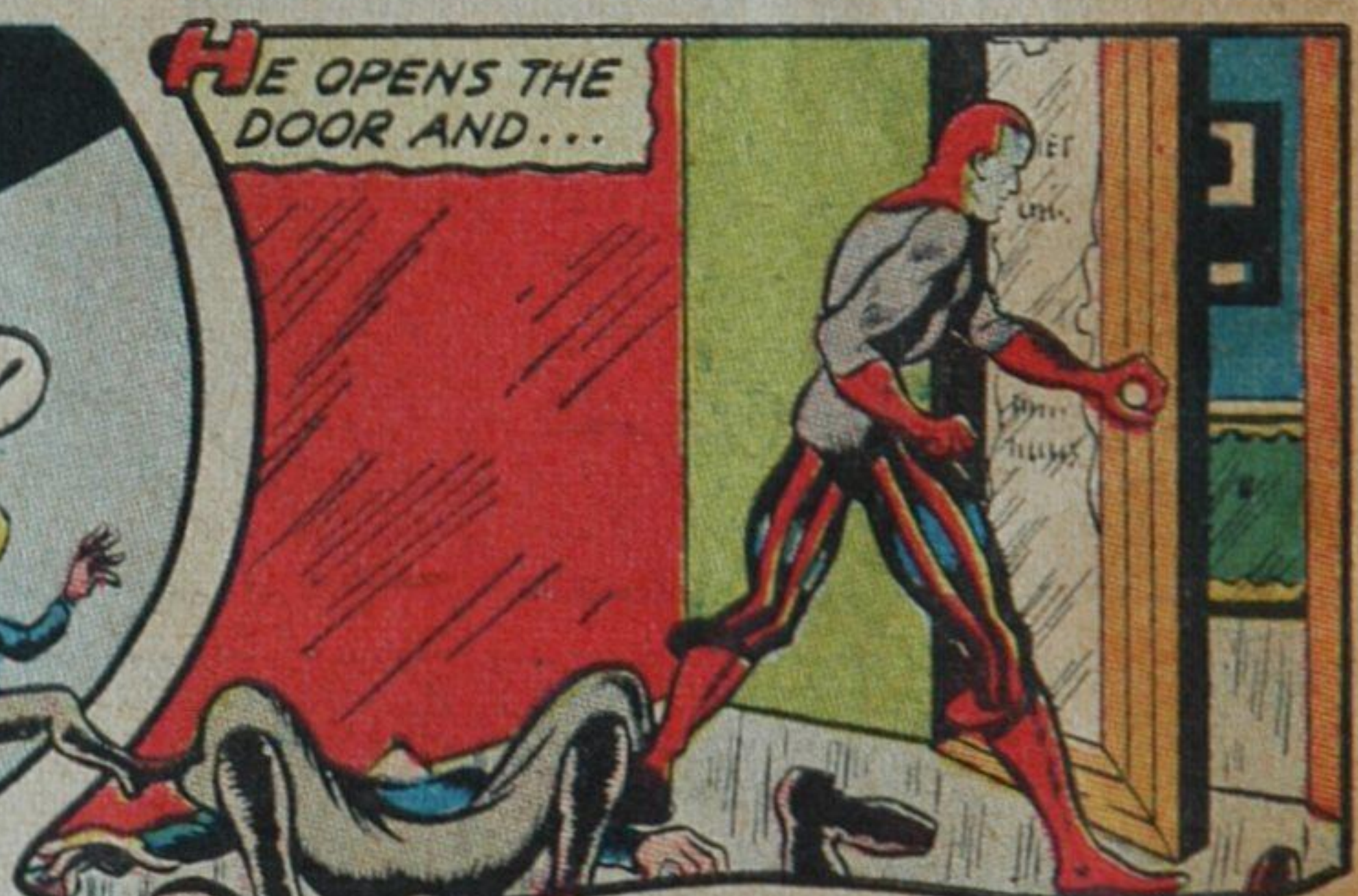
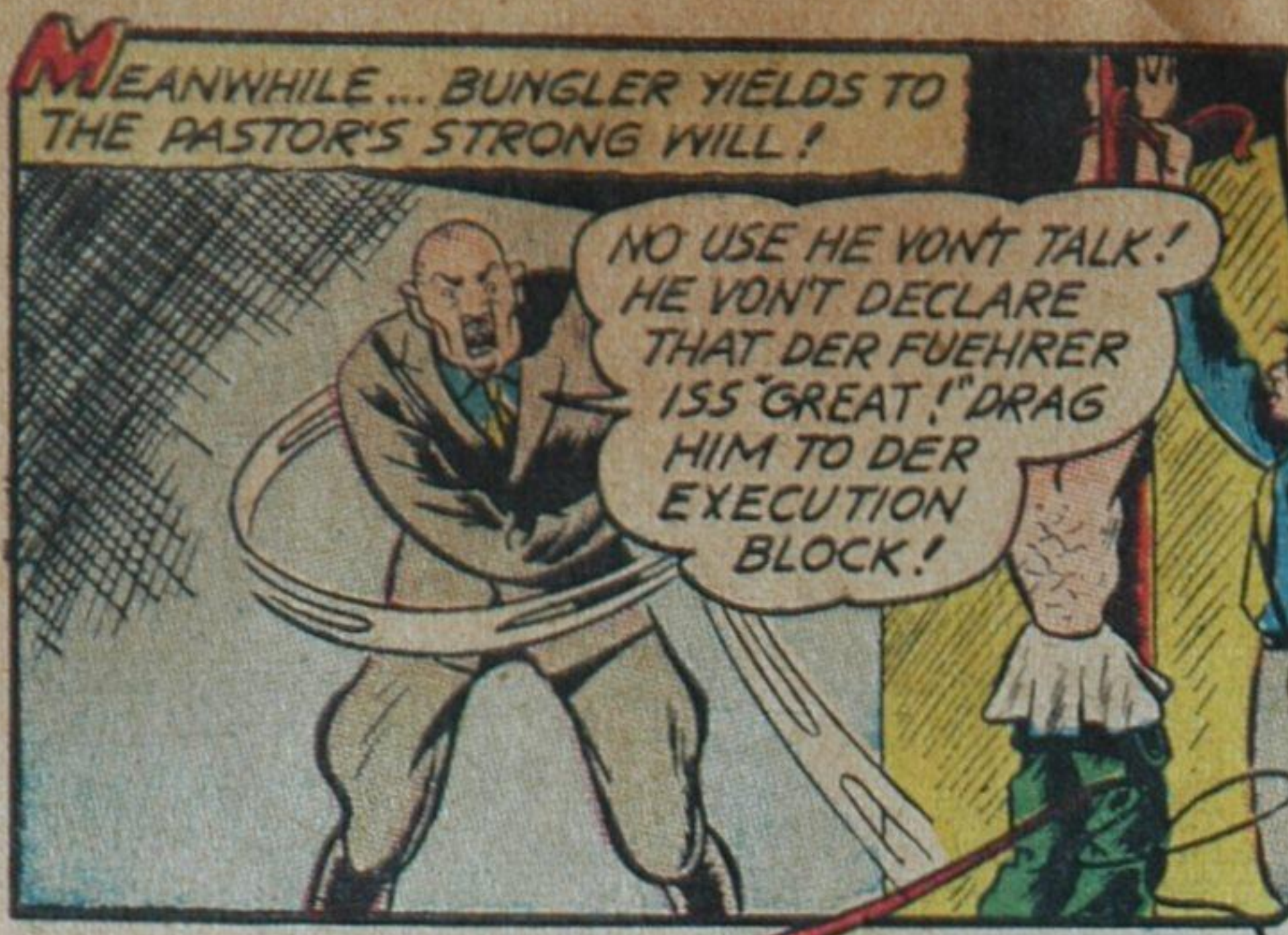


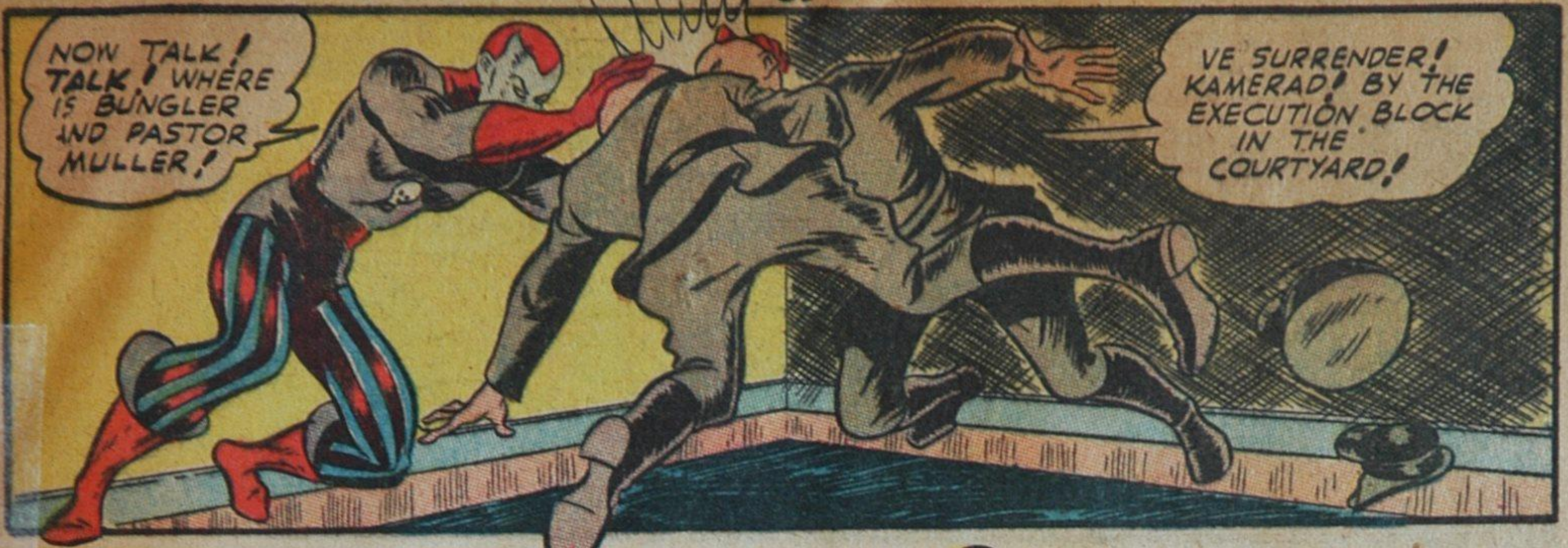












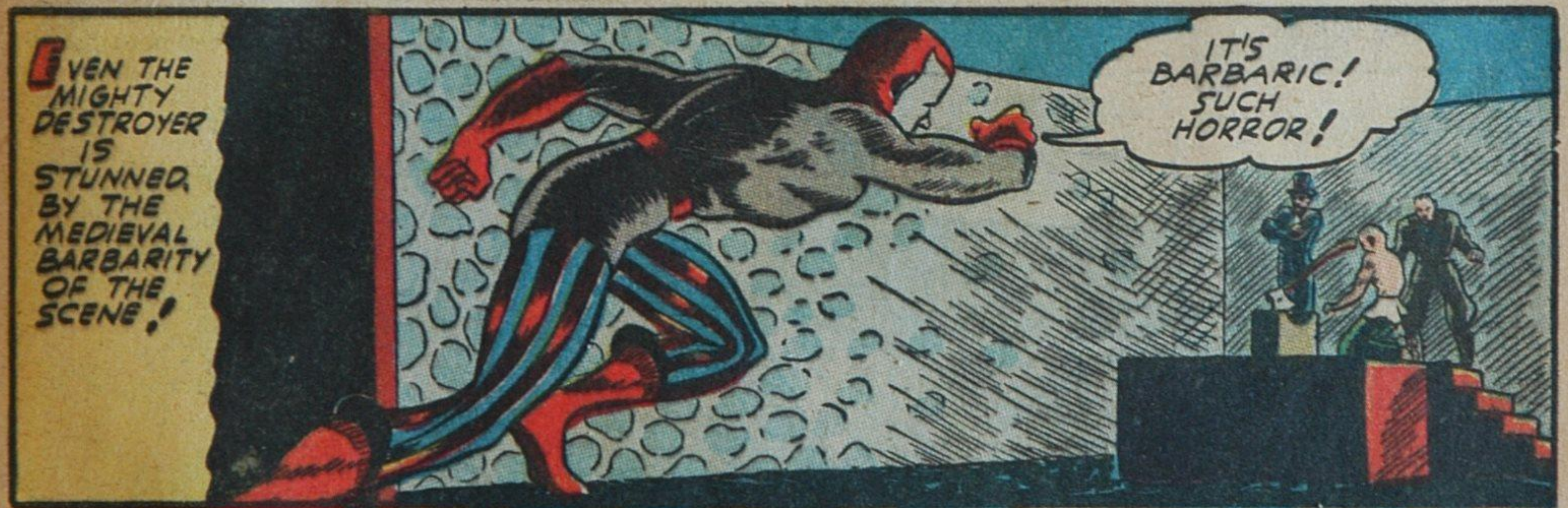
NOW TALK!
TALK! WHERE
IS BUNGLER
AND PASTOR
MULLER?

VE SURRENDER!
KAMERAD! BY THE
EXECUTION BLOCK
IN THE
COURTYARD!



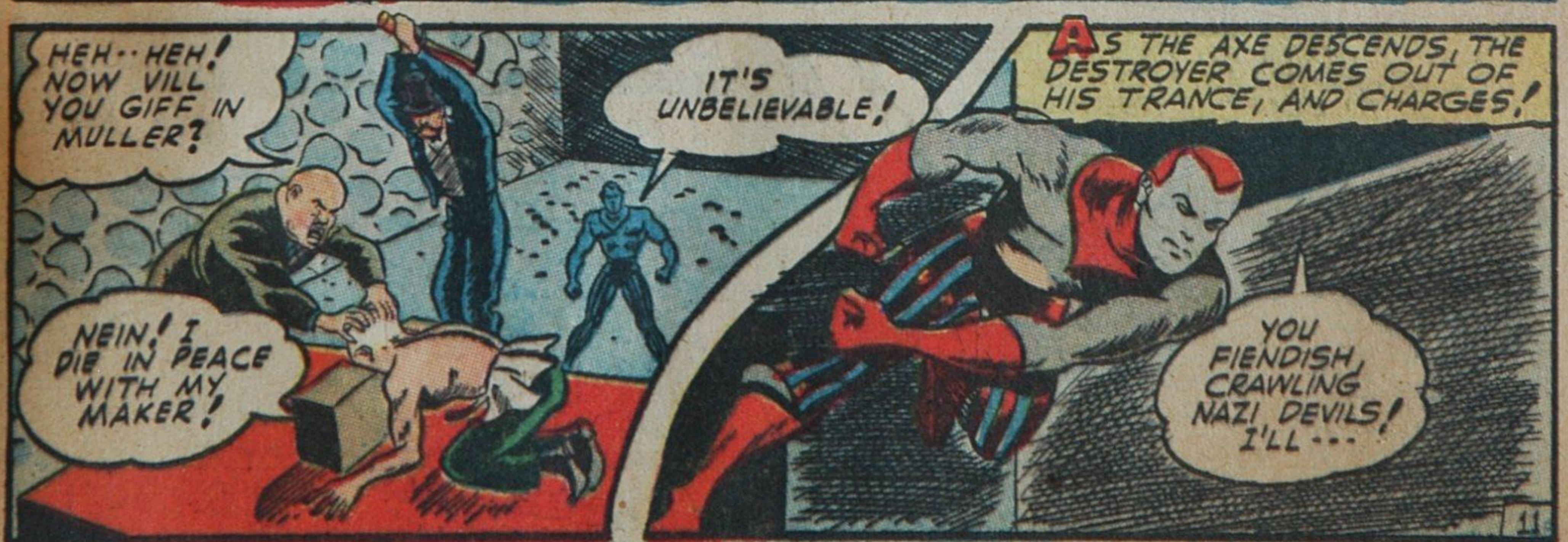
SOLDLY, THE DESTROYER
MAKES SURE THEY WON'T
INTERFERE ---

IF ONLY
BUNGLER HASN'T
ALREADY
BEHEADED THE
BRAVE
PASTOR!



EVEN THE
MIGHTY
DESTROYER
IS
STUNNED
BY THE
MEDIEVAL
BARBARITY
OF THE
SCENE!

IT'S
BARBARIC!
SUCH
HORROR!



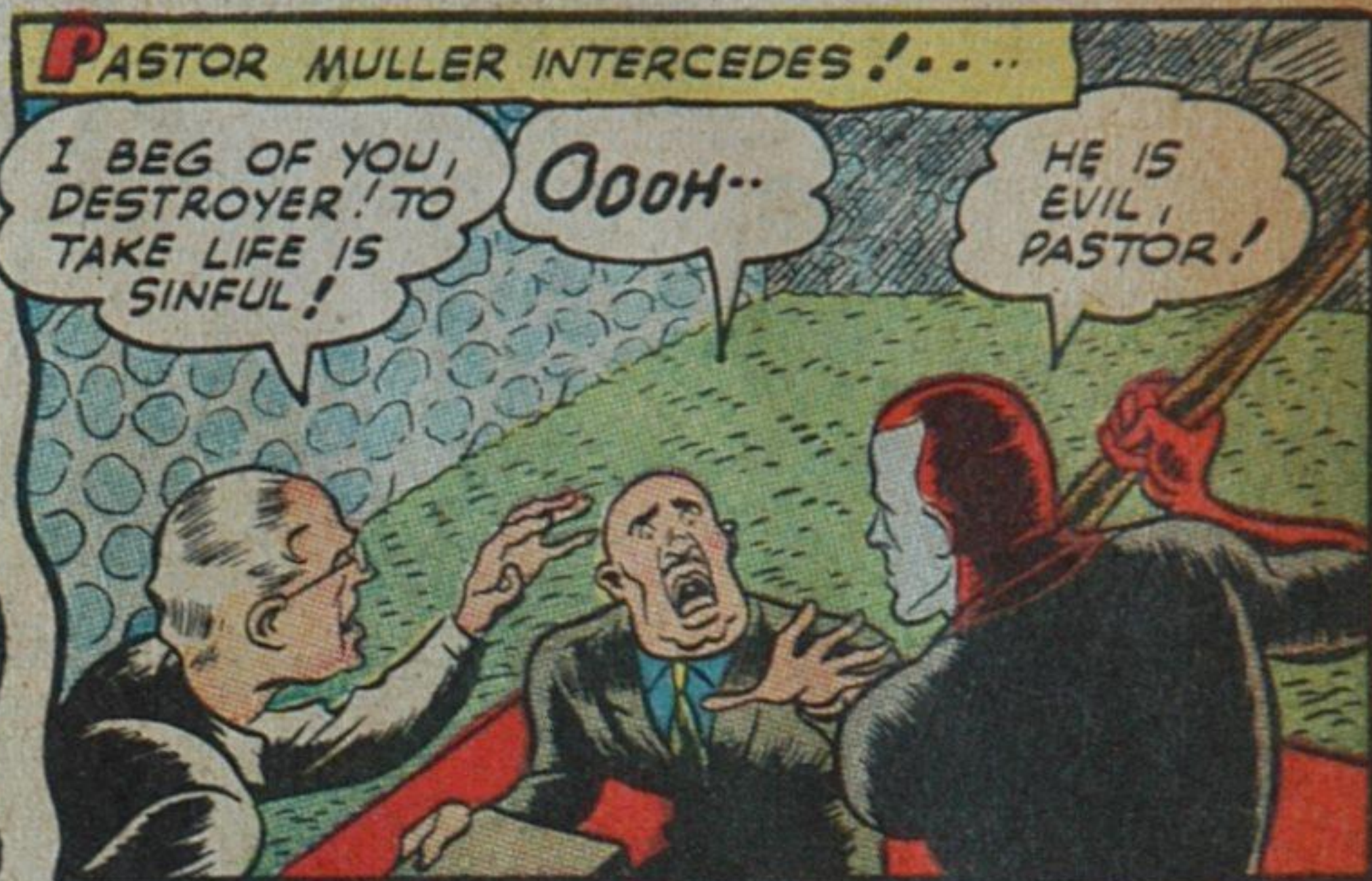
HEH...HEH!
NOW VILL
YOU GIFF IN
MULLER?

NEIN! I
DIE IN PEACE
WITH MY
MAKER!

IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!

AS THE AXE DESCENDS, THE
DESTROYER COMES OUT OF
HIS TRANCE, AND CHARGES!

YOU
FIENDISH,
CRAWLING
NAZI DEVILS!
I'LL ---



AND THE DESTROYERS LATEST ADVENTURE REACHES ITS CONCLUSION... FOLLOW THE FURTHER THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE DESTROYER EACH MONTH IN MYSTIC COMICS!

BACK AGAIN!

ONCE AGAIN
AMERICA'S MOST
EXCITING YOUNG
FIGHTERS RACE AT YOU
IN A JAMBOREE OF THRILLS
AND ACTION!



CAN THE **YOUNG ALLIES**
REACH ALASKA IN TIME
TO SAVE IT FROM A HOR-
RIBLE FATE?

WILL **THE KHAN**, DEMON
OF DICTATORSHIPS, SUCCEED
IN DESTROYING THE YOUNG
ALLIES, AS THE VALIANT
AMERICAN BOYS BATTLE
THE AXIS HORDES?

LEARN THE ANSWERS, READ THE SPINE-TINGLING
CHAPTERS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE TALE!



YOUNG ALLIES

#3

PRESENTING the New DAISY

DEFENDER

1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger “On Safety.” You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

Featuring

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)★
- DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down)★
- AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)★
- FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE★
- LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds)★
- OVAL STOCK—WALNUT FINISH



FREE!

Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent FREE. Write now!



Get the Famous **RED RYDER** Saddle **CARBINE**

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—RED RYDER'S picture, signature and Horse “Thunder” branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)



(Duty added in Canada)

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 885 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

PRESENTING
the New **DAISY**

DEFENDER

**1000-SHOT
MILITARY
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Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER . . . 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger “On Safety.” You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

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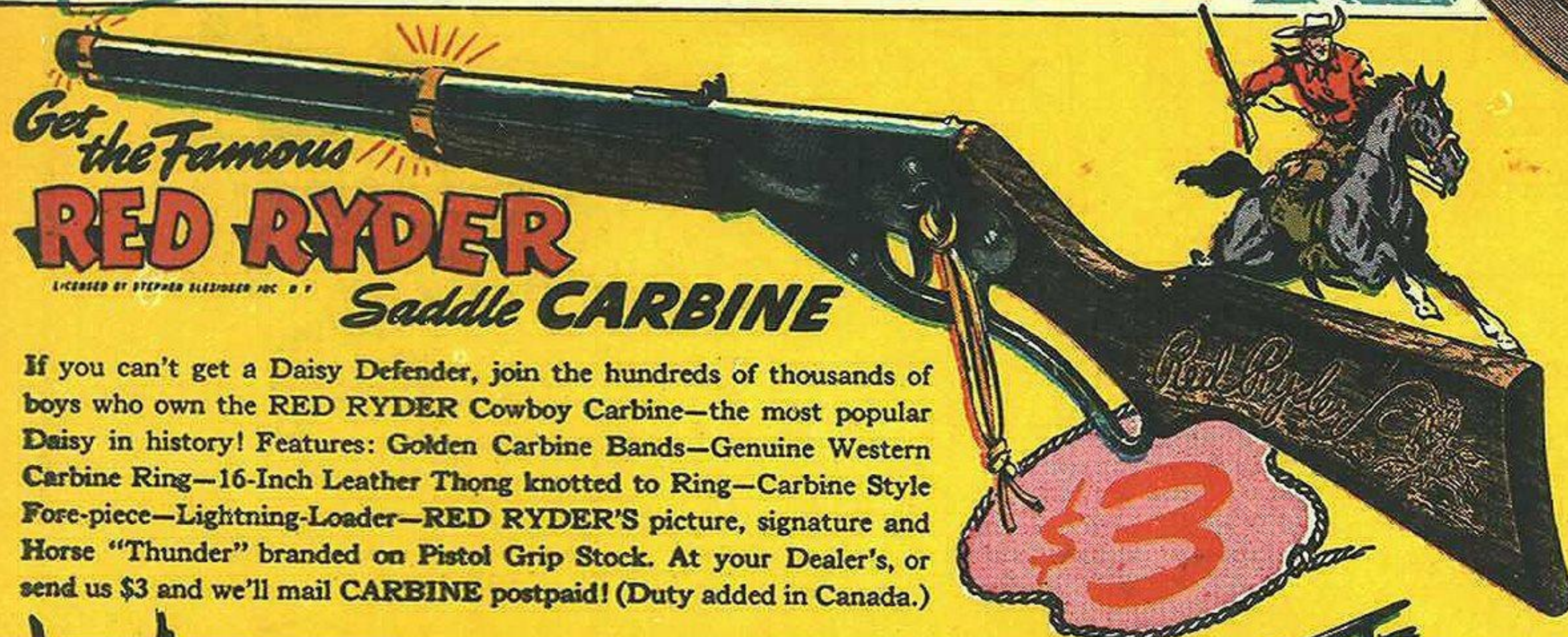
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